BRITISH MUSEUM

JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see page 125.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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Bull's Eyes. Letter Bag.

Racing Notes; etc.

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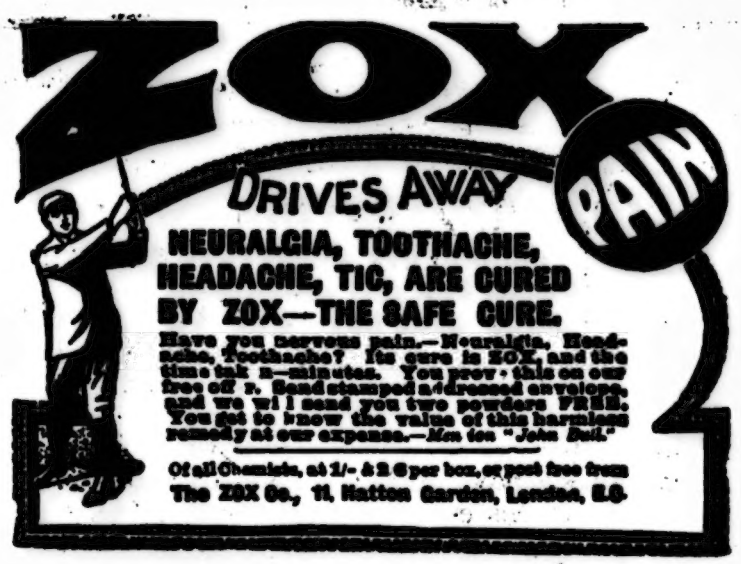

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JOHN BULL.

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Vol. V. No. 114. Saturday, August 8th, 1908. One Penny.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The Sultan must be rather amused by the enthusiasm which his reforms have aroused, and there must have been a twinkle in his eye when he announced that he had been waiting for years for the opportunity of reviving the Constitution. The next step will be to call a Parliament and see that it does nothing. Then he will reorganise the army to prepare for the time when he finds it convenient to return to absolute government. The wave of friendship for England, however, should not be allowed to roll away. If we had a more enterprising Secretary for Foreign Affairs, we might hope for a renewal of the ancient Anglo-Turkish alliance. We wonder what Sir Edward Grey will do now that his occupation in Macedonia is gone.

The late Sir R. Cremer was one of the few people who managed to get on in life without making himself popular. He contrived to attract far more attention abroad than in this country, and none of his colleagues or acquaintances ever quite understood why he received the Nobel prize. No doubt it was very generous of him to present the money to his own society on condition that other people subscribed an equal sum. He had a pious objection to the bestowal of tips and religiously practised what he preached. Still, peace to his memory. One of the last things he did in the House of Commons was to vote for our Dormant Bank Balances Bill.

It never rains but it pours. A gentleman who signs himself "Brian II.," and says that he is rightful King of Ireland, informs us that, in acknowledgment of our great services to his country, he is pleased to grant us his first Irish peerage with the title of "Lord Enniscorthy of Wexford." We hope there is nothing to pay for the Letters Patent. He regrets that he cannot honour Jim Crow in a similar way, but promises him a place in his Cabinet.

A gentleman in Constantinople recently sent us a mysterious telegram drawing our attention to a printer's error in the *Daily Telegraph*. We spent sleepless days hunting through a file of that paper, and at last discovered the following:—"The King has been graciously pleased to appoint Jorgen his Imperial Majesty the Sultan of Turkey." This was scarcely worth a telegram, much less a biscuit. But who is Jorgen, and why was our telegram "diverted by the Turkish Government"? We were not.

Undoubtedly the Lord Chancellor was well within the limits of sober speech when he told the Lords that the amendment they carried to limit the old age pension period will be regarded by the Commons as a breach of privilege. On other grounds the decision of the Lords is foolish in the extreme. The trend of political events and the circumstances of the times have largely helped to smother the smouldering fires of agitation against the Upper House, but it has now adopted a line which no Tory in the Commons would have dared to take. To fling down a challenge on the ground they have chosen is to turn men's minds once again to the examination of the claims of the Peers to veto and censor popular legislation. Their action in this instance is as little defensible, apart from all else, as a decision to limit to three months the operation of the Budget scheme. Not being with Saul among the prophets, we do not pretend to know whether Lord Lansdowne, who seems to be to the House of Lords just as Lord Salisbury used to, will stick to the amendment; but probably he will not. Behind Lord Lansdowne we see the gaunt shadow of Mr. Balfour.

It is not a little remarkable that when the motion to grant Lord Cromer £50,000 for his services in Egypt was made, he did not put up somebody to move an amendment that the money be paid in instalments of, say, £50 every thousand years. It goes without saying that if some of the old age pensioners of the House of Lords had taken a great deal less there would have been a great deal more available for the aged poor. Lord Cross has been drawing £2,000 a year for more

than twenty years, while Lord Halsbury, who protested against the Bill with senile emotion, has been drawing a pension of £5,000 a year ever since he ceased to be Lord Chancellor—thus both contributing to the impending "disaster to the financial security of the State." Lord Cromer, with his £50,000, and Lord Roberts with his £100,000, is as much on the taxes as the feeblest old applewoman will be when she draws her five bob a week—after she is seventy!

Meanwhile, our friend Billy Crooks has hit the right nail on the head, or the right head on the nail, by giving notice of motion to stop Lord Cromer's annual allowance. So perhaps the noble lord will have to scrub along on the interest on his £50,000, and what he has saved.

Talking of pensions, take the case of a Handy Man of H.M.S. *Duncan*, who gave evidence at an inquest on a man whom he had attempted to save from a suicide's death in the River Lea. This ex-seaman, Edward Brown, a labourer existing by casual work, volunteered for some risky salvage operations on board H.M.S. *Montagu*, wrecked off Lundy Island. While on a steel drum at a great height in the air, the wire attached to the derrick broke. Brown was struck, and knocked insensible into the sea. For a month he lay between life and death. Then he was sent to hospital, where he was a patient for two months. At the end of that time he was discharged by the naval guardians of a grateful country as of no earthly use, so far as the Navy was concerned. Whether he was any further use for anything else which would bring him bread, bed, and raiment, didn't occur to the Lords of the Admiralty as a proposition arising out of the circumstances. For all they cared, for all the country as represented by them cared, he might starve, and not a penny or ha'penny pension came his way. Is it any wonder that the young men who are growing up to manhood are becoming less and less attracted to national Services which take the best years of a man's life, use up his health, and then chuck him on to the national dust-heap?

The latest agitation is directed against the use of royal names and titles by public houses. This is only part and parcel of the unflagging endeavour to hold up places of refreshment to public contempt, as though the consumption of a glass of beer were something so shameful that it ought not to be associated in any way with the good and great. The attitude of the present generation is certainly very different from that of its predecessors. Not so very long ago a famous general or admiral or statesman would have regarded it as a high tribute to his merits when publicans began to call their houses after his name. It was an even greater compliment than a song in the music-halls would be to-day. But for the public-house signs all over the country, which of us would now remember anything about the Marquis of Granby? We suppose the next step will be to abolish signs altogether. This we should regret, as they are one of the few picturesque survivals which have come down to this prosaic age. We should like to go a step still further back and revive shop-signs everywhere. What a creaking and a groaning they would make in a high wind!

Mr. Labouchere makes a somewhat startling defence of colloquialisms in *Truth*, and, as usual, he does the thing very well. He is specially concerned to justify his use of the double possessive, such as "a speech of John Bright's." He says that this really means "one of John Bright's speeches," and implies that the object referred to is one of a large number, which in the case of John Bright was undoubtedly true. He goes on to point out that we all say "a friend of ours" not "a friend of us." And there is something in his argument that what we all say is right, in other words that "grammatical rules are based on language, not language on grammatical rules." At first sight this sounds convincing, but on reflection we are inclined to think that it would lead us too far afield. A number of colloquialisms are utterly illogical and ought never to be endorsed by any self-respecting grammarian. For instance, if the double possessive implies a large number, it would be wrong to say "a little dog of mine" when you only possess one little dog. Nor could usage ever justify such barbarisms as "a most" or "under the circumstances." Again we join issue with Mr. Labouchere when he falls back upon the authority of Shakespeare, who wrote "a friend of Cæsar's." If we adopted all the solecisms of Shakespeare, we should indeed talk a hideous jargon. For instance, when Iago said "He's married," Cassio inquired "To who?" Finally we must protest against a defence of "It's me." The fact that Frenchmen say "C'est moi" only proves how wrong they are.

Mr. Gladstone has introduced a little Bill which, upon the face of it, appears to answer a useful purpose, but which, in actual practice, we are afraid will not prove to be of much real benefit. Its object is to authorise magistrates, in granting warrants of arrest, to endorse on the warrant the amount of bail which the police are entitled to accept pending the hearing of the case. As the law at present stands, no such power is vested in the police, with the result that, where arrests take place on a Saturday or a Sunday, persons are necessarily kept in prison a considerable time, until they can be taken before a magistrate. Inasmuch, however, as only the prosecutor is heard when a warrant is granted, we very much doubt whether magistrates, as a rule, will avail themselves of the power given in the Bill; and, accordingly, we are sorry that the Home Secretary has not seen his way to adopt our suggestion that, except in cases where the police authorities have good reason to think delay would defeat the ends of justice, no warrants of arrest shall be executed on a Saturday afternoon. We shall, however, press the point at the proper time.

When, in moving the first reading of our Dormant Bank Balances and Unclaimed Securities Bill, we told the House a few stories of hidden wealth at present lying unclaimed in the vaults of the banks, some of our contemporaries were disposed to suspect us of pulling the long bow. What would they say to the following story, vouched for by a retired bank manager, and all the details of which are in our possession?

As an illustration of the great variety in the kinds of property held by bankers for their customers, I may mention an instance which came under my own observation many years ago. I was a clerk in one of those old private banks in London which had been established for over a century. The partners in the bank, old men themselves, were the grandsons and great-grandsons of the founders of the business. Everything about the bank was old-fashioned. No gas was used upon the numerous dark days, but candles in black tin candlesticks stood upon every desk. The majority of the clerks had grey or white hair, and black coats were *de rigueur*. There was no levity in that bank, and everything was as respectable as it looked. There were large and dark strong rooms in the basement, filled with old ledgers, and containing hundreds of boxes of every size.

One day it was discovered that damp had penetrated into the strong room, and had rusted many of the security boxes to such an extent that the lids of some of them were loosened through the rust having eaten away the hinges. One of them altogether fell to pieces while being handled, and displayed a large assortment of Indian jewellery, bangles, etc., and many packets of precious stones, rings, etc. It was decided that a correct list of the contents of the box should be made in duplicate, signed by the partners and witnesses present, and replaced in a new box. This was done and recorded, the box being restored to the strong room. Upon reference to an old ledger it was found that it had been originally deposited in the bank in 1740, in the name of a gentleman in India, of whom nothing was known, and that no claim had ever been made for the box.

Many years later the private bank to which I have referred was amalgamated with a new joint stock bank, and all the partners retired. But they did not hand over either the unclaimed balances in their hands or the security boxes which were in their charge. The former, which I have heard amounted to over a million sterling, was invested in Consols, and from the annual dividends accruing, certain pensions to old clerks were paid.

By the time our Bill comes on again next Session, we think we shall have gathered together the threads of a case which will put the "Arabian Nights" in the shade.

A Glasgow reader tells us that he studies one periodical daily, and has just devoted his attention to ours. He thinks we have "a very sensible, well-balanced brain on the whole," but there is "too little of eternal news." He goes on to suggest that we should give "some Religio-Scientific-Philosophy," as a specimen of which he asks us to publish the following:

FOUNDATION FACT OF ALL SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

SUBSTANCE is actually CONSCIOUS and is therefore SPIRIT; SUBSTANCE by its WILL-action creates FORCE and MOTION; the various forms in nature, such as stars, clouds, hills, stones, wood, atoms, etc., are but mere SHAPES into which the EVERLASTING CONSCIOUS SUBSTANCE throws itself. BEING actually is; outside TIME, SPACE, SUBSTANCE, MOTION and SHAPES nought is; TIME, SPACE and SUBSTANCE could never have begun to be and can never cease to be; MOTION and SHAPES may begin to be and may cease to be. SUBSTANCE is the THAT that is CONSCIOUS; AT WILL, SUBSTANCE moves itself and thus creates MOTION; AT WILL, SUBSTANCE holds itself together in multitudinous, various SHAPES, which SHAPES constitute the CREATION. BEING or EXISTENCE is unthinkable otherwise.

Now that we hear so much about the fad of going about in caravans and sleeping in the open, it would be interesting to inquire into the law on the subject. Apparently, in the case of well-to-do people, it is a charming form of sport, worthy of admiration and imitation. The papers publish pictures of the aristocratic advocates of the simple life, and doctors are loud in their praises of its merits. But when the poor and needy indulge in a snooze by the roadside, they are at once haled before the magistrates as rogues and vagabonds. Even then there is an element of lottery about their treatment. Take Hull and Grimsby alone. At Hull City Police Court on July 1st, twelve men were charged with sleeping out, and eleven of them were discharged. At Grimsby Borough Police Court an old woman was discharged and advised to go to the workhouse, though she had previously undergone a month's imprisonment for a similar offence. At Grimsby County Police Court, on the other hand, a man was sentenced to a month's hard labour for the abominable crime of "lodging in the open air," the same sentence as was awarded at the same court to a well-dressed young man who deliberately stole £6 10s. from a cash-box. This is scarcely an encouragement of honesty, and we imagine that, when the felonious outdoor lodger is again short of the price of a bed, he will find it wiser and at the same time not more dangerous to dip his hand into somebody's pocket.

That we have not over-stated the facts in our open letter to the Clerk of the Drapers' Company—let us refer to his own letter to the Wokingham Guardians. The Board naturally demurred at receiving into the workhouse an aged brother of the Lucas Hospital who had not made application for admission. "The Master and the Wardens desire me to point out," the Clerk wrote, "that Jennings has now ceased to be a brother of the Hospital, and is totally destitute, his pension having in consequence been withdrawn, and they call upon the Guardians to remove him without delay to the infirmary. Should they not do this, the only course which the Governors can pursue would be to place Jennings outside the Hospital, and leave him there." The Guardians should not have been bluffed. They should have put upon the Master and Wardens of the Drapers' Company the responsibility of carrying out their threat. Then the old man would probably not be in the workhouse to-day, for out of their corporate income of £50,000 and their trust income of £28,000, the Drapers would no doubt have spared, though perhaps reluctantly, a few shillings a week to provide shelter elsewhere for the white head of the poor old man. Not so long ago they gave £22,000 to the University of Oxford for a new electrical laboratory; if the Guardians had stood their ground the Company would probably have told their Rev. Master at the Hospital that he must trouble himself with the care of the old man until that not far distant day when the silent messenger called him away. But the action of the Drapers' Company is unworthy of them, unworthy of their great wealth, and unworthy of the human service which great wealth is privileged to render.

By the death of Sir Thomas Stevenson, England loses her foremost exponent of forensic medicine. A Yorkshireman of strong West Riding accent and precise scientific manner, his attitude in the witness-box during a murder trial was at once a lesson and a rebuke to the young and cocksure medical man. Sir Thomas never said a word too much or a word too little. He built up no fanciful theories on the facts he had unearthed, whether it was a microscopic trace of human hair or human blood or what not, but stated plainly, without fuss or fustian, exactly what he had discovered, leaving the lawyers and the police to settle the rest among themselves. But having given his opinion he was a hard nut to crack. The favourite method of the lawyers who cross-examined him was to try to draw him into inconsistencies or contradictions as between his evidence and something or other in his famous work on medical jurisprudence. But it was to no purpose. Sir Thomas never put into the scale of justice a grain beyond the weight of his facts, which gave the public hangman many a job of which that public official would otherwise have been cheated. He was a great analyst in every sense, and it is probable he will remain a classic authority for long years to come.

One of the Labour Members had recently a compulsory characters Bill before the House of Commons, but, of course, it has gone the way of many other useful measures. If there had been some statutory form of character which an employer were compelled to give on demand to any servant, perhaps that Harrogate lady who stated her opinion of a servant with a too excessive literary malice would not have had to pay £25 damages. There would have been as little temptation in that case to indulge in literary excesses as there is in the limited space provided in an income-tax return. About half-a-dozen statutory questions to be compulsorily answered on a form printed for His Majesty's Stationery Office, and bearing a sixpenny stamp paid for by the applicant (more revenue here, Mr. Lloyd George!), would serve all practical purposes. It is true that if everybody had to produce a statutory character from his last place on applying for another one, several Ministers and ex-Ministers whom we could name would never get another job. But somebody always does suffer by beneficent legislation, and we cannot see any just cause or impediment why a chronic office-holder should not retire to rest as well as Mary Ann.

Apparently the peculiar parson is as common in Canada as he is in England. A reader writes to us from Halifax, in the Dominion, that a Presbyterian minister, a Lutheran minister, a Baptist minister, and a Methodist minister have entered into a solemn league and

covenant not to attend the funeral of any person dying while engaged in the liquor traffic. We agree with one of the local papers that these reverend gentlemen should now refuse to marry saloon-keepers or christen their children, and even order the sexton to throw them out if they attempt to enter church, the choir meanwhile singing that beautiful hymn—

"For while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

Our Canadian contemporary further suggests that the saloon-keepers should retaliate by refusing to die while the parsons remain on strike; and no doubt if the editor can make arrangements with the saloon-keepers to this effect, the strike of the parsons will be a vain thing. We shall watch the struggle for endurance with deep interest.

Undoubtedly the most popular coin at the present time is the sovereign. Unfortunately, the demand is greater than the supply. The practice of the Mint authorities is to turn out too few. The case seems to be different with the penny. The Mint issued nearly forty-five-and-a-half million pennies last year, and it is pleasing to think that most of the population got one. On the other hand, hardly anybody seems to have wanted Britain's famous five-shilling pieces, for only 136 were turned out of the money factory. Doubtless, however, there will be a big run on these coins as soon as old age pensions come along. The first issue should become very valuable to collectors. We don't mean to part with ours.

Though Sir Oliver Lodge is not optimistic in regard to earthly communication with the inhabitants of Mars, if any, he hugs the belief that "recognised communication will some day occur with less removed, and, indeed, less hypothetical dwellers in (or perhaps not in) the realm of space." By this he means that one of these days we shall probably wake up to find that we are able to invite our deceased ancestors to come and take a dish of tea with us and talk not only of the dear dead days of long ago, but also of how things are going in the regions of the blest, or the unblest, as the case may be. In the meantime, this great joy is denied us. The utmost our dead ancestors do for us at present is to rap on walls and tables and flit about in white night-gowns, and they don't even do these things unless the man who is conducting the performance turns down the lights. But we must not be impatient. Everything comes to him who waits—except the waiter.

The *Tatler* may be a very amusing paper, but it does not tattle very accurately. The other day we read an apology for three gross blunders perpetrated about one lady by a scribe, to whom the *Tatler* alludes as "our clever correspondent." "Lady Lytton," the *Tatler* humbly acknowledges, "was not an American, nor was she in the thirties when she married Lord Lytton . . . . So far from letting their charming place, they are about to take up their residence there." We suppose the contributor was considered clever for having compressed so many inaccuracies into so short a space. But if our contemporary cannot tattle better than that, it should for ever hold its peace.

The following is taken from the Bristol *Times and Mirror*:—

Are you drinking Perrier Water?
Count Morode, President of the Belgian Senate, died at Lausanne yesterday morning.

This is not good advertising.

We notice that Mr. Justice Warrington had before him the other day a case which we hope received more detailed attention from the shorthand writer than it appears to have done from the newspaper reporters. It was an application for directions, or something of that sort, on the part of the surviving or continuing trustees of the fund of £80,000 subscribed in 1862 for the relief of the dependents of the 204 miners who lost their lives in the great Hartley (Northumberland) colliery disaster of that year. The facts of the case as reported, are so curiously vague and obscure; bearing as they do on the administration of public funds, that we are in some doubt whether they are a fair summary of the proceedings. There was a sum of £80,000 subscribed, and though "400 widows and orphans" were left destitute, the subscription was so greatly in excess of the needs that £20,000 was "distributed among local committees for the relief of suffering occasioned by colliery accidents." That is to say, £20,000 of the money went for general purposes as distinct from the particular object of the subscribers. The report goes on to say that "there remained under the control of the original committee a sum of £46,381 which was placed in the names of trustees. Most of the persons on whose behalf the fund was raised were now dead, and only £5,000 was required for the purchase of annuities for those remaining, leaving a surplus of about £13,000." This sum his lordship gave permission to divide between certain Durham and Northumberland Homes for Aged Miners—highly deserving institutions, without doubt.

But, take it that of the 400 widows and orphans left destitute, 200 were widows; probably an excessive estimate. The interest of £80,000 invested even at 2½ per cent., would produce £2,000 a year, a sum which would have given each of those 200 widows £100 a year, for the support of themselves and children, probably more than they ever received for such a purpose from their dead breadwinners. True, there may have been brothers, sisters, and mothers and fathers; but even so, £2,000 a year, equitably divided, would apparently have been adequate permanent provision for all purposes. As time progressed, many of those having claims on the fund would fall out of benefit, and their proportion of the £2,000 interest would revert to the principal sum of £80,000 (or whatever was actually invested), and carry interest also. Yet after forty-six years the subscribed money has dwindled to £18,000 —£13,000 residue and £5,000 required for annuities for unnamed persons who can have but the slenderest claim on the fund. Now what puzzles us is what has become of the balance of that interest-bearing principal of £80,000? Surely it was invested? But if so, what did the principal produce, and how much per annum for each of the forty-six years has gone to the dependents of the poor fellows who lost their lives in that awful pit? How comes it that, after forty-six years of interest-bearing, only £18,000 remains out of £80,000? It is a pity that a generous public who are unfailing in their response to appeals for aid in such national calamities as the Hartley mining disaster have been so little enlightened and so greatly perturbed by the newspaper reports of this case. The trustees may, perhaps, like to take the public into their confidence.

Portsmouth's Distress Committee appears to have discovered what most other Distress Committees have discovered—that though you may take a mixed crowd of unemployed to your relief works you cannot make a financial success of their biceps. It may be said at once that lavish wear and tear of biceps at fivepence an hour is not within the reasonable limits of human expectation. Even so, the results at Portsmouth are not a little startling, for the estimated value of the labour employed compared with its cost comes out at only thirty per cent. In other words, seventy per cent. of the money paid for the labour is as if it had been thrown into the sea. Curiously, too, this percentage is much what it has been for several years past. The unemployed are put on to whatever work can be made

available for them, and they either prefer not to do it at all for fivepence an hour, or do it so badly that it is only worth a penny ha'penny. Apparently the sort of unemployed who can and will work is out looking for some other job at the trade union rate of wages, while the unemployed who cannot or will not work go there to wonder whether they will ever get one. But then these relief works are admittedly a more or less badly organised charity conceived in haste and executed in reluctance. And it may be that they are dirt cheap to the ratepayers even at a seventy per cent. loss. They help to silence clamour, and provide a little needful bread for hungry mouths and empty stomachs.

And so the *Westminster Gazette* is about to be transferred to the ghetto. For a great number of years Sir George Newnes performed the patriotic task of maintaining that excellent, scholarly journal at considerable expense to his pocket. But as he has not even been rewarded with a peerage, he has at last consented to let it go, and henceforth it will be the property of a Jewish triumvirate, consisting of a Swiss baronet and his partner and a Mr. Solomon Henry. At the present rate, JOHN BULL will soon be the only Christian paper remaining in the country.

More school "howlers": "Adam's punishment was having to marry Eve, but she listened to the Serpent before that." "The Bible says, 'Watch and pray,' which means keep your eyes open and see what God will send you." "A baby is a man or woman as they first enter the world, and is called an infant." "When a baby is four years old it is birched if it is a boy, but a girl remains in her same clothes." "The horse breathes with its gills when young and chews the cud just like other people. It is defensive with hind legs, and you say 'Woe' when it kicks you." "The two instances of animals talking in the Bible is Balaam's ass and the whale, who said unto Jonah, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.'" "When you pray, you should say, 'God bless papa and bring him home safely and his luggage.'" "The reason we have snow is the angels scratch it off with their wings." "Funerals are very sad places. I got threepence-halfpenny and a packet of sweets." "Rain comes down from heaven on the just and the unjust, mostly on the just, because the unjust have borrowed their umbrellas."

What is Your Number?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR FIFTY HELPERS AT A GUINEA APIECE.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified date bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claim has been received:—

F. COUPLAND, The Manor House, Stamford Street, Blackfriars, S.E. (No. 83603 - June 27th.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of JULY 4th:—

1473; 2580; 12162; 13353; 21706; 22101; 24093; 27350; 30147; 34737; 34857; 44406; 52697; 53318; 55121; 62278; 64679; 64724; 65176; 65674; 67492; 67748; 70322; 74186; 76135; 78062; 86963; 87018; 88791; 89596; 91563; 93394; 95097; 98355; 99029; 100192; 100633; 100671; 102750; 104274; 105745; 109142; 116604; 121809; 121962; 126886; 129521; 129583; 130017; 130834.

INITIAL NUMBERS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED SEPTEMBER 12th (PUBLISHED SEPTEMBER 10th).

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For the discovery that some burglars "must have gone in the same way as they entered,"
THE *EVENING NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the phrase "to-day at midnight,"
THE *BRIGHTON EVENING ARGUS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For arguing "that the pigs, being dead, were not pigs at all,"
COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE
AT LIFFORD, DONEGAL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For giving evidence that he destroyed a dog the night before it attached a gentleman in a savage way,
MR. W. JAMES
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For asking the Chancellor of the Exchequer "whether he would appoint paid solicitors under the old-age pension scheme who would assist those in search of a pension to discover WHETHER THEY WERE BORN *and how old they might be,"*
CAPTAIN FABER, M.P.,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising "daily sea-trips down the River Thames,"
THE NEW PALACE STEAMERS CO.
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing that "on Saturdays only a fast train will leave Victoria at 1.10 *p.m., arriving at Eastbourne at* 12.52 *p.m,"*
THE GENERAL MANAGER OF THE L.B. & S.C.R.
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that N. Buonaparte retired from Moscow "and lost most of his army through the bitter cold while crossing the Alps in the snow,"
THE "CHILD'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA"
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that in a five-furlong race "Van Voght showed the way to Flip Jack, Nile Green, Hinton Star, Gravy and Chieveley till 300 MILES *from home,"*
THE *SOUTH WALES ECHO*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that Sir George McCrae "was nominated for the Lord Provostship in November, 1907," and "two years later was returned as M.P. for East Edinburgh,"
THE *WEEKLY SCOTSMAN*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising sun-hats and bonnets as underclothing,
MR. JOSEPH ELY (of Wimbledon)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For speaking of "a slowly diminishing crescendo,"
THE *DAILY TELEGRAPH*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that, at a time when "a small marble would have covered the visible size" of a balloon, Captain Bidmead "was easily seen to drop from the balloon and to descend slowly,"
THE *WESTERN MAIL*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the concert party were at considerable disadvantage, owing to the fact that there was a GOOD BREEZE, *which made their vocal efforts all the more difficult. . . The programme concluded with a part song, 'Home, Sweet Home,' by the Glee Party. This was most sweetly rendered, and the effect in the* STILL NIGHT AIR *was most beautiful,"*
THE *CHATHAM, ROCHESTER, AND GILLINGHAM NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising for a "Clerk, junior, age about 1,"
MR. FOWLER (Ironmonger, of Tunbridge Wells)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE GERMAN SPIES.

The Facts—and the Moral.

It may be remembered that two or three weeks ago Colonel Lockwood repeatedly questioned Mr. Haldane about the presence of spies in Essex. The Colonel had seen these spies—anyway, foreigners whom he took for spies—and he was anxious to know if the War Office knew anything about them. Mr. Haldane knew nothing. His was the official ignorance which serves him so well. There are many Germans in England, said the Secretary of State for War, some of them officers visiting the country, and when soldiers visit a foreign country naturally they keep eyes and ears open. No doubt foreigners, or some of them, look about when they are here, but really that is a very harmless thing to do, and the War Office is not concerned with their movements, even though they are those of foreign officers. So said the Secretary of State for War in that smooth, bland way of his with which the House of Commons is now as familiar as in other days was the Court of Chancery.

The Scene of the Observations.

We happen to know the facts of this business, and it may be interesting to give them. About the last week of February a party of three photographers arrived at Epping on bicycles, and engaged by the month a small furnished house on the outer fringe of the little town near to the famous forest. The modest rent was 30s. a week, and one fine morning last May, Mr. Samuel T. Cooke, a former member of the London School Board, and now of the Old Thatched Hotel, Epping, when driving to Romford, chanced to notice that two of the party were photographing the site of the secret magazine and masked gun emplacements that are situated at a point which forms the key of the defence of the North Weald, a couple of miles from the little Essex town.

This position has an important military value, as it dominates in a salient degree a section of the present line of march from the Essex Coast to the Metropolis.

The Discovery and What Followed.

The incident was reported by Mr. Cooke through his Parliamentary representative to the War Office. The regular police authorities were ignored in the matter. No official action was taken, nor any steps that would imply that the authorities regarded the reported espionage as worthy of notice, but Epping and the surrounding country was pervaded shortly afterwards by the sometime chief of the special branch of the Criminal Investigation Department. In his private capacity, Chief Superintendent Melville, who by the way is an officer of the Legion of Honour, satisfied himself that the foreign visitors aforementioned, besides testing the capabilities of their English kodaks, had for months been making cautious enquiries as to the extent of local forage, provisions, stores, the particulars of factories, large houses suitable for billets, and the numbers of horses and cattle in that part of Essex. The result of ex-Inspector Melville's visit to Epping was that the owner of the house let to the inquisitive travellers received a visit from a War Office clerk, also retired. What happened at the interview we do not know, but immediately afterwards the landlord gave his tenants notice, and they quitted Epping forthwith, leaving this country via Harwich for Rotterdam, being kept under observation the whole way by a private detective.

The Identity of the Spies.

The three visitors to whom we have been referring were officers of the German Army. One is a Captain in the 22nd Westphalian Infantry, and one of the Lieutenants is in a Cavalry regiment of the 12th King of Saxony's Army Corps, and is now in garrison at the city of Hanover. The matter was reported to the War Office by Mr. Cooke in May. At that time the Army authorities knew nothing about the presence of the three spies in this country, although they had been here since February, and it is noticeable, in this connection, that there were none of the ordinary attempts at concealment. The three officers in no way altered their ordinary personal appearance. They went about openly in the light of day, and nobody thought it worth while to ask their business.

The Moral.

Such is the truth about the three spies. We do not want to make a mountain of a molehill. The German Government, not to speak of others, is constantly sending over to this country Secret Intelligence Officers for the purpose of obtaining information that might be useful in the event of war between Germany and England. That is the bald truth. We need not get into a fluster about it. It is the duty of every War Office which knows its business to endeavour to get such information about countries with which conceivably it might be at war. For our part we should not be greatly concerned if the Germans were more fully informed upon these matters than at present they may be. The safety of England is dependent upon the strength of her Fleet; whilst the Fleet remains supreme in the narrow waters it matters little whether German spies are successful in their search for information or not. If ever England ceases to be supreme upon those waters she will be lost—spies or no spies.

Other Incidents.

At the same time, statesmen will do well totake into account incidents which indicate more or less the temper of the fighting population of Germany, and this Epping Forest incident does not stand alone. It has been supplemented in recent weeks by two very striking illustrations of confidence and alertness on the part of the German Fleet. When a little while ago the British and French Fleets were lying together in the Solent at the cementing of the Entente Cordiale, a German destroyer suddenly steamed at full speed from the Channel, and with scarcely slackened way passed insolently down the lines and then disappeared in the offing. To go no further back than a fortnight ago, a mysterious steam yacht heading from Hamburg dodged in and out among Lord Charles Beresford's command during the practically secret manœuvres in the North Sea. The harmless "yachtsmen" were generally believed by officers who witnessed the incident to be visitors from the Kaiser's Naval General Staff. The manner in which the stranger took up points of vantage while the squadron was practising involved steam tactical exercises indicated that on her bridge was an officer of no mean professional attainments.

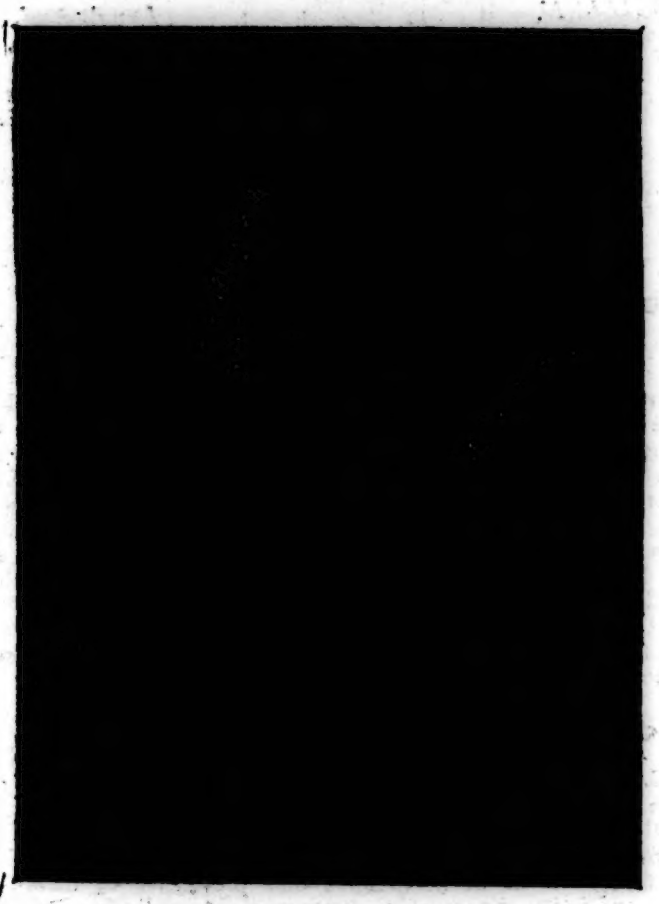
Naval Strength the Only Policy.

We say again we do not want to make too much of these things, but we cannot help asking what would be said in Germany if English officers were discovered doing what the German officers were doing at Epping; or if an English "yacht" steamed through the German Fleet whilst it was engaged in secret manœuvres? We are a very easy going people, but the moral to be drawn from the incidents we have been describing, as well as many others that might be named, is that come what may, we must see to it that our Fleet in the North Sea is always ready to fight, and fight under conditions which, humanly speaking, would ensure victory. We hope the Government do not need to be reminded of this truth. So far as words go they acknowledge it, but the country wants more than words. It will insist upon the decisive naval supremacy of this country being maintained, cost what it may. Cobden once said that if our naval supremacy could only be maintained at the cost of 100 millions a year, he for one would vote the 100 millions. That was said in one of the last speeches the great apostle of Peace ever made in the House of Commons, as far back as 1864, and then the enemy was France. To-day it is Germany, but where is the man who has thought the matter out that would not repeat what Cobden said forty-four years ago?

SALVATION ARMY METHODS AGAIN.

DOES THE "GENERAL" APPROVE THEM?

Below we reproduce, without comment, a fac-simile of a circular which, together with several others—more or less of the same character—has recently come into our hands. What do you think of it?



Special Meetings.

IN THE

SALVATION ARMY BARRACKS.

MANCHESTER RD.,

Hollinwood.

Conducted by Adjutant

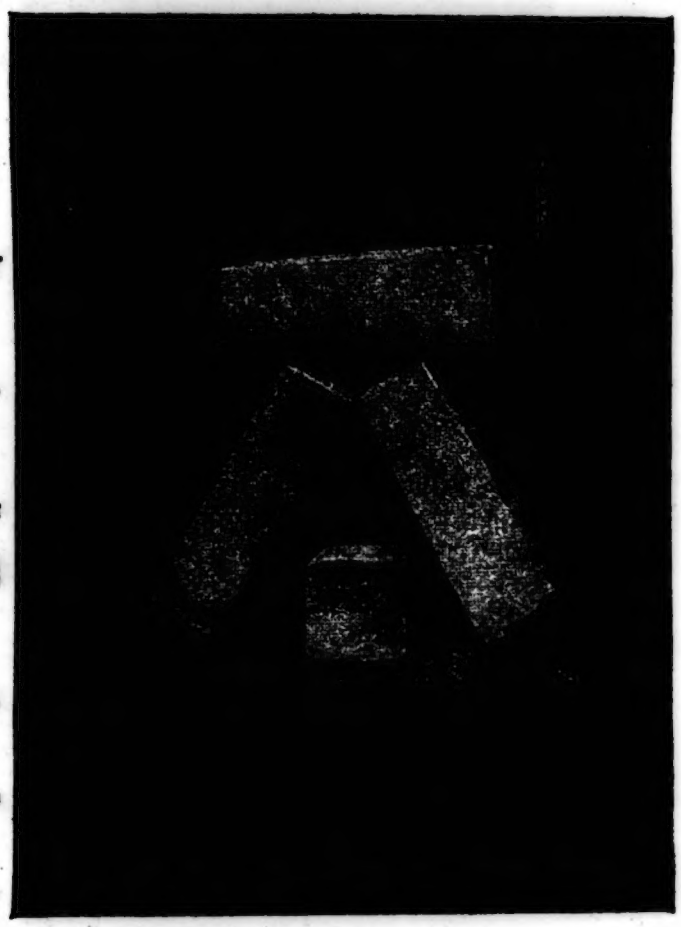
C. GUMBLETON

From

July 15th, to July 23rd.

SUNDAY 11 A.M. 3 AND 6-30 P.M.

WEEK NIGHTS 8 P.M.



HEARKEN! HEARKEN!! HEARKEN!!!

SALT! SALT!! SALT!!!

To the people in this street of this house I am sent, for I am the bearer of a message from God, so hearken unto me, for its unto you I am sent.

FIRST—Remember thy Creator. (Eccl. 12.1) Have you forgotten Him?

SECOND—Remember the Sabbath Day and to keep it holy. (Exod. 20.8.) Have you a shop if so is it open on the Lord's Day? For remember He will judge the Sabbath Breaker

THIRD—Remember Lots wife. (St Luke 17.32.) This is something your Maker has asked you to do, but God knowing that man is so forgetful, He has arranged in his providence to help man to remember this sad event, by having her in our daily use, is she not ever upon our tables, and hawked in our Streets, Look at the picture and you will see her, SALT! SALT!! SALT!!! To you that are looking back doth she not speak to you. I fancy I can hear her cry going up from the Salt in your house, saying, "I am Lost, I am Lost." Do you not hear her? put your ear to the salt and listen for awhile with the Bible in your hand, saying Lord Thou hast bid me remember Lots Wife.

I Charles E. Gumbleton, servant of God whose I am, having been moved by a revelation from God, to declare unto you, who are guilty of this terrible sin of looking back, that the Salt in your house is crying out against you, yea, her cry is going up to God, and she is saying "Lord I was no worse than the people of this house, but thou didst turn me into a Pillar of Salt, but what about this people, art thou partial in Thy judgements O God." But I hear a voice coming down from the highest heavens saying, "For I am the Lord I change not." (Mal. 3.6.) Reader, If thou art looking back wilt thou set thy face towards Heaven, if so it will be well for thee.

God bless you, I am praying for you, Yours faithfully,

C. E. GUMBLETON, Adjutant.

JEALOUSY.

By Jim Crow.

[We desire it to be distinctly understood that we do not identify ourselves with Mr. Crow's views on this or any other question.]

Why did some idiot call jealousy a green-eyed monster? I have always looked upon it as one of the greatest compliments possible, perhaps the greatest of all, next to an invitation to elope. If a person did not care, he or she would not take the trouble to be jealous. Indeed, I should be very much hurt if any one of my dear young friends were not put out when she found me walking about in the moonlight with another fair charmer.

In such an improbable event—which means that I am too old a bird to be caught unawares—I should expect at least a stifled curse or a muffled groan or a torrent of limpid tears. A laugh or a jest on the subject would almost amount to an insult. Jealousy, however, like most virtues, becomes a nuisance if it be pushed to an extreme. Like a really polite falsehood, it should have some foundation in fact.

Supposing that I could not come home with the milk or take a Suffragette out to supper, or buy a bonnet, or indulge in any other whim of the moment without arousing suspicion in the breasts of Mrs. Crow (why do so many foolish grammarians imagine that suspicion inhabits only one breast?)—supposing, I say, that I could not amuse myself in my own way without exposing my actions to the worst possible construction, what a dog's life I should lead! And what a memory I should require if I were called upon to explain all my movements, particularly when peradventure I had looked upon the wine when it was yellow and sparkling. That is the kind of compliment which I should be quite willing to excuse.

Jealousy is to be encouraged because it affords a vast amount of entertainment to an onlooker. Watch any young man while his dream of delight is ogling a rival. See him fidget and squirm and wriggle and hiss. A natural expression of the emotions is always far more diverting than the very best imitation on the stage.

Jealousy again is a natural instinct. Nearly every male animal is blessed with it. Cocks and bucks and, if my natural history be not at fault, even elephants are moved by it to indulge in mortal combat. Oddly enough, however, it is only in the human race that female animals are endowed with this ennobling gift of the gods. Another proof, if one were needed, of the immense superiority of mankind over the beasts that perish. Another proof, perhaps, of the fitness of females for the franchise.

In the case of human beings, moreover, jealousy is not inspired only by sexual emotions. A lady will go so far as to be jealous of another about a hat or a nose or a motor-car or a compliment or anything else that is not hers. She will go out of her way to be spiteful about a woman whose grace and beauty and charm of manner happen to be superior to her own. This is a curious psychological fact: that certain gifts attract one sex and repel the other. It seems to be abnormal and inexplicable, but there it is. I should have thought that any sane person would rather associate with the beautiful and the witty than with the dowdy and dull. Moreover, the effect of an environment ought not to be forgotten, for attractive qualities cannot be cultivated in the society of boors and frumps.

Jealousy should be used as a method of self-improvement. If I were to hate somebody because he happened to be a better speaker, a greater orator, a more excellent writer (I speak as a fool), or a more delightful companion, I should cultivate his acquaintance, lose no opportunity of studying his methods, and endeavour to surpass him in his own merits. I might run him down to other people if I could feel quite sure that he would never hear of my backbiting, but I should be more inclined to flatter him, at least to his face, and to make a friend of him, reflecting that the opinions of one so gifted as he must necessarily carry weight.

Conceit is sometimes offensive, but if it is sufficiently developed it becomes an excellent antidote to jealousy. Being convinced of my own mental superiority, I can never grudge anyone the possession of gifts which can never surpass my own. On the contrary, I am delighted to welcome a man who is capable of amusing me or of suggesting a new field for me to conquer.

My only grievance is that, in spite of all the wonderful services which I have rendered to mankind, my rewards

LAND'S END to JOHN O'GROAT'S

C. W. ALLEN. Champion Pedestrian.

Land's End, 10 a.m. June 1, arriving John o' Groat's 9.45 p.m. June 17, averaging 56 miles per day.

Muscular Collapse, Fatigue, Influenza, Mental Strain—

Neither cleverness nor influence will *keep* a man successful if he has not the *energy* to make use of such advantages, and so because he has just this *energy* to keep going to the finish it is the so-called "ordinary" man who comes out on top in the long run. A fine illustration of this type of man, the man who really *does* things, is found in the person of Mr. C. W. Allen, who has just completed the Record walk from Land's End to John o' Groat's under 17 days. Mr. Allen is rather slight in build for such a formidable enterprise, and he tells us that before he set out he accumulated a store of *energy* by taking a course of Phosferine for a week or two, and on the whole of his journey he kept himself splendidly vigorous with a regular daily dose of the tonic.

Immediately disappeared.

Mr. C. W. Allen, 43, Nithsdale-avenue, Market Harboro', writes:—"I first used Phosferine during my 2,000 mile walk and found that it gave me remarkable energy and staying power, and in short, as Mr. C. B. Fry and other famous athletes state, Phosferine is the finest creator of nerve force and preventive of muscular collapse and fatigue imaginable. I am about to walk from Land's End to John o' Groat's, and like Mr. Hubbard of G.P.O. and Brighton Walk fame I rely with confidence upon Phosferine to sustain me and give the endurance such feats of pedestrianism require. To understand the enormous amount of vital force I require, I may say that my weight has never been more than 8st. 7lbs. This vitality was maintained principally by the use of Phosferine. In addition to bracing the nerves, Phosferine is a first-rate appetiser, and quite indispensable to those who are subject to great physical and mental exertion. I have recently had an attack of Influenza, and my quick recovery was undoubtedly helped by Phosferine.—February 10, 1908."

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS.

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Neuralgia	Indigestion	Sleeplessness
Rheumatism	Premature Decay	Nervous Headaches
Brain-fag	Anæmia	Maternity Weakness
Lassitude	Quinsy	Neuritis

PHOSFERINE PREVENTS SUMMER CHILLS AND HEAT NAUSEA
and all disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.

The Remedy of Kings.

Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands

To the Royal Family

H.I.M. the Empress of Russia | H.M. the King of Greece
H.M. the Queen of Roumania | H.I.M. the Dowager Empress of Russia
H.I.M. the Emperor of China
And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the World.

PHOSFERINE RE-CREATES THE NERVE FORCES.
Bottles, 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/6. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, &c.
The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

have always been hopelessly inadequate. I ought to be living in a great palace with hundreds of menials at my beck and call; riches, honour and glory ought all to be within my grasp. Fate has not yet been so kind to me as I deserve, but I do not look with malevolence upon everyone who passes me in a golden chariot or deprives me of the chief rooms at feasts. It is a great thing to have a contented disposition, and I find it spares me an enormous amount of worry and vexation.

On the other hand, there are times when jealousy must be cultivated and made into a fine art. Suppose that, after years and years of patient preparation, I found some ignorant, good-for-nothing hustler about to snatch away the great prize of my ambition, the Premiership, the Archbishopric, the Cardinal's hat, the huge fortune, the great invention of my dreams, I should not be human if I did not put my jealousy into practice. Indeed, I might persuade myself that I owed this as a duty to humanity.

Jealousy is a great art, and, as the old Latin tag reminds us, art requires the concealment of art. Let us be as jealous as we can, but let no one suspect our jealousy. Outwardly, let us be generous, open-hearted, open-handed, unsuspecting, simple-minded, benevolent to a fault. Then inwardly we may be as ravening wolves. Now I have let you into one of the great secrets of this troublesome life.

THE EMBARGO ON CANADIAN CATTLE.

There seems to be considerable grumbling in Canada about the embargo on Canadian cattle. For many years past the Canadian people have been declaiming against this country because their cattle imported into England must be slaughtered at the port of disembarkation within a short time of landing. A Canadian cattle breeder cannot sell store cattle to the British farmer. He cannot hold his cattle in England to await a rise in price, but he must take the market as he finds it. When his cattle have suffered severely from a sea journey, he cannot restore them to condition by grazing them on this side of the water. Repeated attempts have been made to get rid of the prohibition, but hitherto without success. Even now, whilst the Prime Minister's reply to the deputation of last week was sympathetic, there is reason to believe that Earl Carrington is strongly opposed to lifting the embargo. That would be all right, assuming that its removal would mean the importation of pleuro-pneumonia. That the unrestricted importation of Canadian cattle would imperil our herds is the one plea for maintaining the embargo. Substantiated it would be unanswerable. But is there any such danger? The Canadians contend there is not, and that successive British Governments have maintained the embargo, not because they have any fear of pleuro-pneumonia, but because they wish to give protection to the British farmer.

It must be admitted that there is a good deal to be said for this view of the matter. The original prohibition was due to an outbreak of pleuro-pneumonia in Scotland, said to have been due to the importation of a cargo of cattle from Canada. But this was always denied by the Canadians, and was never proved. It was a suspicion based on the slenderest evidence. The Canadian Government, naturally anxious to clear their cattle of suspicion, invited the most searching investigation. The Home Government was not responsive. For many years past there has been no single case of pleuro-pneumonia amongst Canadian cattle. In their own interest, as much as in ours, the Canadians might, we think, be relied upon to prevent the importation of affected cattle from the United States. There is much in the contention that the Act of 1899 ought to be repealed, and that the refusal to repeal it means neither more nor less than an experiment in Protection, hypocritically masked as a method of guarding against non-existent disease.

Can you do with a Guinea?

If so, . . .

What is your number?

See Page 125.

The lasting pleasures of Chairman.

The enjoyment that Chairman gives to the appreciative smoker *lasts*. This fine mixture is cool from first to last and continues to give the same pleasure, the same wholly satisfying enjoyment, year in and year out, whether smoked much or little.

It is unusual in that it is always cool, and unique in that it never palls.

A smoker of Chairman gains the most that smoking can give, and enjoys the most enduring and the most economical of life's little pleasures.

Sold by all leading tobacconists at 5½d. per oz.

BOARDMAN'S
is the same tobacco milder, and

RECORDER
the same, but fuller flavoured.

R. J. LEA,
45, Market Street, Manchester.

T4

THE IGNORANCE OF BRITISH OFFICERS.

By R. Edmondson.

"Probationers."

During the *régime* of Mr. Brodrick and Mr. Arnold-Forster at the War Office, commissions in the Brigade of Guards were given to a number of persons who had not passed the usual educational test, or indeed any test whatsoever of that kind. Their one and only qualification, so far as appeared, was that they were the sons of more or less wealthy parents, and had been "educated" at one or other of the endowed Public Schools.

They were called on admission to the commissioned ranks "Probationers," and they were appointed on the understanding that they should study and subsequently pass the ordinary educational tests.

Examinations were recently held, and I am informed on good authority that out of sixteen Guards officers who were admitted as "probationers," no less a number than fourteen have failed to come up to the required standard. The educational test, as is well known, is not severe. Persons of average intelligence and the ordinary public school education, pass by scores every year.

Now this, from the taxpayer's point of view, is a very serious matter. In the first place what was the justification for giving these men commissions—even on probation? There seems to be but one answer that fits the facts. They had money. It is a well-known fact that it is impossible for an officer to live up to the Guards style unless in addition to his official pay he can command something like £500 a year.

"Arrogantly and Contemptuously Ignorant."

Mr. A. Benson, himself a public schoolmaster, of competent experience, writes in his well-known book "The Schoolmaster" as follows:—"We send out from our public schools year after year boys who hate knowledge and think books dreary, who are perfectly self-satisfied and entirely ignorant, and, what is worse, not ignorant in a wholesome manner, but arrogantly and contemptuously ignorant, not only satisfied to be so, but thinking it ridiculous and unmanly that a young man should be anything else."

Now it may not be altogether the fault of these "probationer" Guards officers that they are ignorant and unable to pass the qualifying examination for admission into the Army. It may be the fault of their environment. But with that the nation has nothing to do. What does concern every parliamentary voter is that some of these "arrogantly and contemptuously ignorant" persons, as Mr. Benson calls them, should be admitted into the country's paid service, and that by what may be called the way of the "back door."

I am given to understand by those who know that the services of these sometime "probationers" will still be retained by the Army Council, in spite of the failure of fourteen-sixteenths of them to qualify.

This should not and must not be allowed to happen without at least a protest. We have thousands of excellent non-commissioned officers who could easily pass the required test; why not give them a chance?

The Incompetency of Officers.

Large numbers, probably some thousands, of men lost their lives during the late war in South Africa solely through the incompetency of officers.

On this point of the officers' educational incompetence, the evidence of General Baden-Powell is extremely plain and most disconcerting. Writing in the *Cavalry Journal* of April, 1906, he said:—"A good many young officers now join the service from school with some idea of Latin verse, and a very fair idea of cricket and football, bridge, and even motor-driving, but with no education in patriotism, no real acquaintance with the history or geography of their own or other countries, unable to make a *précis* or to write English concisely or even grammatically, unaccustomed to read general information for themselves other than under the headings of the *Daily Mail*."

It may, of course, be contended that these young fellows will naturally improve, and under regimental training eventually become excellent officers. The reply dictated by experience is that if an officer is ignorant and self-conceited after two years' service he will be much more ignorant and self-conceited after eight or ten years. And to his general ignorance he will have added the pigheadedness of official security of tenure.

Staff College Examinations.

There is a very keen competition among the most "intellectual" officers in every regiment in the service each year for admission into the Staff College. Those who have passed through the Staff College form the "Brain of the Army." Before me as I write I have copies of the examination papers for the year 1907 for entrance to the Staff College, and also the examiners' reports. Papers of this kind throw exactly such light upon the subject as the ordinary taxpayer requires. From a few quotations, the whole may be judged.

Twenty-four vacancies were offered for competition. But in addition eight places were filled by nomination. This latter means that certain favoured individuals were pitchforked into appointments by "influence."

For the twenty-four vacancies, one hundred and twenty-nine were examined. Of this number fifty-eight failed to reach the standard of bare qualification.

The papers set were by no means difficult. I append some of the examiners' remarks:—

Tactics: "The great stumbling block was orders. Yet it was a simple case of order-writing. In quite a large number of the orders the time of start was omitted. The carelessness of spelling of the names of places (clearly printed on the map) was likely to give rise to confusion."

Military History and Strategy: "In a large number of cases there is a certain carelessness and an absence of commonsense in answering the questions, handwriting is indifferent, punctuation poor, and the English not such as one would reasonably expect from Staff College aspirants. Slang should have no place in official writing."

Bad Handwriting.

It is within my personal knowledge that illegible handwriting was responsible in South Africa for many disasters. Let me record one. We—that is a column seven hundred strong—were co-operating with another column of similar strength in the chase of De Wet. For eight long days and nights we had been close upon him without actually coming in touch. The two columns were moving in parallel lines some five miles apart. In the daytime, when on the move, we had connecting links. At night when we bivouacked these connecting links (men specially told off for the duty) were withdrawn, and a fewer number of sentries posted. News was sent in one night by those sentries that a strong force of Boers had dismounted and offsaddled midway between our two parallel forces. Here was indeed a chance!

I was ordered to the spot where my colonel and his staff were in bivouac, and there I found the great man busily writing a message. This I was ordered to take to the commander of the other column. I was soon mounted and on my way. I had to make a considerable detour to avoid the Boers, and in consequence it was close upon 3 a.m. when I arrived at my destination. I delivered the written message. The commander looked at it, twisted it up and down, seemed puzzled, and then appealed to me. "Do you know what this written message contains?" he asked. I replied that I did not. "Can you read it?" he said, handing me the paper. I endeavoured to make out the words, but failed entirely. Here was a fix. De Wet, fairly within the grasp of two British columns, who were in communication with each other, and yet through the fault of quite illegible handwriting failed to co-operate—for when the critical moment came each column took a divergent course, with the result that De Wet slipped through and showed us once more a clean pair of heels. Of course there was the usual amount of "cursing and swearing" over the matter, each officer calling the other "a dam'd fool," with other flowers of speech.

The Senior Officers.

One more quotation from the examiners' report upon these senior officers: "The whole examination tends to show that officers who desire to be of value to the Army should devote at least *some* time to the study of English composition. With few exceptions, really good handwriting is conspicuous by its absence.

Now all this is extremely unsatisfactory reading, and goes to show, to business men at any rate, that we are still a "nation of lions led by asses."

What is Wanted.

What is required is a thorough overhauling of the system whereby the selection of officers is made. It has been clearly and repeatedly demonstrated both in Germany and Japan that for military officers only the very best men will answer the purpose. If the man of means is too lazy to study he will not do for us as an officer in the Army.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Herbert Vivian.

"Beau Brummell and His Times." By Roger Boutet de Monvel. (London: Eveleigh Nash. 1908. Price 10s. net.)

Judging by his picture, Beau Brummell must have been anything but beautiful. His features were coarse, his whiskers gave him a dingy appearance, and his expression was entirely lacking in intelligence. It is difficult to understand how he contrived to attract any particular attention even during the degraded period which he is supposed to have adorned. It is difficult to know why a book should have been written about him, for even his alleged witticisms were not worth recalling. They consist of little more than extravagant and pointless insolence. The nearest approach to a good joke was when a young man at a club asked him for the return of a loan.

"Your money?" he replied, without moving a muscle.

"I thought I had repaid it."

The other opened his eyes wide.

"When?"

"Do you ask when? Why, the day before yesterday, when I was on the balcony at White's and saw you passing in the street, and said, 'Good-day, Jimmy, how are you?'"

"Sport and Life on the Pacific Slope." By Horace Annesley Vachell. (London: Eveleigh Nash. 1908. Price 7s. 6d.)

I confess that I have found it very difficult to read Mr. Vachell's novels, and that I have been somewhat scared by the terrible picture of himself which he provides as a frontispiece. But this book reveals him in the light of a shrewd, cheerful, aimable observer of life, which he views with more humour and commonsense than I should have expected. He is somewhat too garrulous, and many of his stories would have been rejected by the editor of the average snippet journal. This, for instance, was scarcely worth immortalising in large print on beautiful thick paper:

There is an authentic story of a poor lad who approached a famous millionaire, and asked for twenty-five cents (a shilling) wherewith to buy a meal.

"A meal?" exclaimed the great man. "Why, my boy, twenty-five cents will buy you five meals—of bread and water; and a healthy lad like you can live on two meals a day. I've done it. And that means two and a half days to find work in. Here's your quarter."

The boy took the coin and the advice. Years after he sought out the millionaire and thanked him.

"Voltaire, Montesquieu and Rousseau in England." By J. Churton Collins. (London: Nash. 1908. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Churton Collins is one of the few professors who is always agreeable and entertaining. I do not know why he has troubled about Montesquieu, who always seemed to me a very dull dog. But Voltaire is obviously one of the most engaging, rascally personalities of his rascally century. I do not see any allusion to his attempts at English verse, which I believe I was one of the first to make known in this country. But Mr. Churton Collins tells me many things which I did not know about the wonderful man's English prose. And he gives a nice sidelight upon his quickness in dealing with a difficult occasion. The English, always proud about their superiority over foreigners, were even more intolerant in the eighteenth century than they are to-day. A fantastical foreigner was always looked upon as fair game. Voltaire

chanced one day to be strolling along the streets, when his peculiar appearance attracted attention. A crowd collected, and some ribald fellow began with jeers and hoots to taunt him with being a Frenchman. Nothing is so easily excited as the passions of a rabble, and the passions of a rabble, when their victim is defenceless, rarely exhaust themselves in words. The miscreants were already preparing to pelt him with mud, and mud would no doubt have been followed with missiles of a more formidable kind, but Voltaire was equal to the crisis. Boldly confronting his assailants, he mounted on a stone which happened to be at hand, and began an oration, of which this sentence only has been preserved: "Brave Englishmen!" he cried, "am I not sufficiently unhappy in not having been born among you?" How he proceeded we know not, but his harangue was so effective that the crowd was not merely appeased, but eager to carry him on their shoulders in triumph to his lodgings.

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This Announcement will not appear again. Cut it out for future reference.

OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS, AND TELEGRAMS.

To the Delegates of the Peace Congress, care of Caxton Hall, London.

I suppose by this time most of you will have about completed your pleasant holiday in London, and will be thinking of packing up traps for home. You have been fortunate in your ability to combine so much useful public business with so much private pleasure. Doubtless many of you know The Hague, where the Peace Congresses have usually been held, but I am sure you will all agree that you have enjoyed yourselves better in London on all days except Sunday. It has, however, been regarded as necessary by the authorities that the British nation should be rather religious one day each week all the year round, and Sunday is the day which has been chosen for the purpose. On the other days of the week we are all busy.

On the conclusion of your official labours, gentlemen, you will perhaps allow me to congratulate you on the exceedingly able manner in which you have orated and on the enthusiasm you have manifested in the cause I have at my heart. As I am always saying, peace and concord are the most desirable things in the world. I am therefore preparing to build a large number of *Dreadnoughts* quite regardless of cost, and meanwhile we are keeping a few on hand, equipped with all the latest improvements in naval furniture, in order to prove to the world that we are still an artistic nation. I am told that as a demonstration of their desire to remain on terms of affection with me, the other nations whom you severally represented at the Congress are also similarly occupied. While this is so, I do not doubt that we shall continue to love each other as brothers, and you can rely upon me, gentlemen, to continue my rôle as the biggest brother of the lot. This will give you all a feeling of security you would not otherwise enjoy.

Gentlemen, peace hath her victories not less renowned than war; and the fact that you have come all the way to London to tell me that, and emphasise it by speeches and resolutions, brings comfort to my heart. It recalls one of those pleasant family gatherings with which all of you are doubtless familiar in your happy homes, where the tea and muffins go round without a word to mar the harmony of the proceedings. With you, I long for the day when the whole world will be a happy family party, passing tea and muffins, or if you please, nuts and figs, to one another, and I am doing all I can to assist this consummation by subscribing many million pounds a year as my contribution towards the cost of the refreshments. I do not say this by way of boast, but because I wish you clearly to understand that I am not mean, and that when the time comes you may rely on my presence and support.

For the moment I do not know that I can say more than this, except that according to the *Daily Mail* and William le Queux we are due to be invaded in 1910, on which date I understand my beloved London is to be sacked and burned, and I myself am to be numbered with the slain. But you will have an opportunity of holding one, or perhaps two, more Peace Congresses before that date; so perhaps the Invasion may not take place after all.

John Bull.

To Viscount Halifax, Eaton Square, London, S.W.

My Lord,—I gather from a letter of yours in a morning paper that Canon Thompson, of Norwich, will disregard the monition of the Dean of Arches, and will refuse to admit to communion men who have married their deceased wives' sisters. In this, you add, "the Canon has the sympathy and support of his Bishop." It is extraordinary that ecclesiastics should refuse to obey the judgment of their own Church court, and I am amazed that a bishop should protect a canon in his disobedience. I suppose, however, there are means of punishing a clergyman who sets the decision of an ecclesiastical court at defiance. No doubt the complainant in the case will present himself for the sacrament of his Church and faith in due course, and if Canon Thompson still refuses to receive him at the table, that he will carry the matter to its utmost legal limits.

I cannot but think, my lord, that such zealots as yourself do a great deal of harm to the Established Church by the mistaken zeal with which they pursue their ecclesiastical bigotries. They bring it into contempt with all just-minded people, and must sooner or later precipitate its entire separation from the State. After disestablishment, my lord, the Church may order its religious government and observances as it pleases, but while it maintains its connection with the State its national duty is to conform to the national laws. I am among those who believe that disestablishment would be of advantage to the nation and of advantage to the Church. The nation would be freed from an ecclesiastical incubus, and the Church would enter into a fuller, freer, broader, and more useful life. Your lordship, I know, thinks otherwise, and I shall not dispute the question with you here. I content myself with saying that the law of the Church has been declared and the judgment pronounced by one of its own judges exercising spiritual authority in the See of Canterbury, and that any clergyman or bishop whose conscience does not allow him to conform to the law as declared, should relinquish his office and emoluments.

John Bull.

To E. Peeley, Esq., Clerk to the Drapers' Company, London.

Sir,—Be good enough to present my compliments to the Master and Wardens of the Drapers' Company, one of the richest liveries in London, and say that I am ashamed of them. Their action in turning out of Lucas Hospital, at Wokingham, that infirm and feeble old man Jennings, and deliberately making him destitute so as to put compulsion on the Guardians to take him into the workhouse, may be within the Company's strict legal rights, but is certainly inhumane to a degree.

The Master and Wardens, as Governors of the Hospital, do not appear to have done the right thing at all, but the wrong thing, the cruel thing, and the inconsiderate thing; and they are not relieved of responsibility by the fact that they have apparently been inspired in their action by the Master of the Hospital, the Rev. J. Stratton. This rev. gentleman seems to have come to the conclusion that Jennings, who had been an inmate for twelve years, is now so senile and decrepit that he is a danger and a nuisance to the other inmates. At any rate, on one occasion he was "found staggering about in his room in the middle of the night with a candle, in a *non-compos-mentis* condition." Jennings being in this state, it seems to have occurred to our spiritual friend that it would save trouble all round if the old man were deprived of his £27 a year, his furnished room, and his little garden under the Lucas Trust, and shunted into the workhouse as a pauper. Please tell our dear and reverend brother that when he is feeble, and tottering, and deep in the snows of age, I hope the Master and Wardens of the Drapers' Company will not throw him upon the world destitute to live his remaining days in a pauper house, and, when he falls asleep in that long deep night which comes to us all, bury him in a pauper grave. The rev. gentleman throws his sheltering arm round the tame stag, much hunted in Wokingham, but he kicks out of hand the stick which props the bent and battered frame of old humanity.

John Bull.

To Lee Quintus Tellemache-Tellemache de Orellana Plantagenet Tellemache-Tellemache, Esq., Lisceiashire Regiment.

Dear Sir,—Why take the trouble to advertise your avalanche of names when you were not sufficiently fond of them to retain them? Surely it would have been much simpler to drop them without making a fuss. Your excuse that "it was getting such a frightful bore signing letters and so on" won't wash. What compulsion was there to write the whole string every time? But I admit that the marriage service would have been unduly prolonged, and that the bride would have some excuse for complaining if she had to recite them all.

John Bull.

Bob Sievier, London.

Shall be pleased to advance £5,000 on *Winning Post* shares.

Bull.

Jack Joel, Austin Friars, London.

Sorry you have cut your fingers so badly. In future, avoid two-edged swords.

Bull.

Percy Scott, H.M.S. Good Hope.

Congratulations on your new command. Hope you will not find it so hot in South Africa as in the society of Beresford. Don't forget to drink my health.

Bull.

THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

DELIGHTS OF THE SEASIDE.

IN THE CITY.

THE PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT CO., LIMITED.

In our last issue, under the head of "Among the Lawyers," we directed attention to the judgment of Judge Parry at the Manchester County Court in the case of one Alice Poynton, who sued the Provincial Homes Investment Co. for the return of £37 10s. paid by her to the company by way of premiums on a bond. In giving judgment, Judge Parry thought fit to denounce the company in language of virulence. According to him it is

> really and essentially a fraudulent concern, run for the purpose of obtaining from ignorant and unthinking people moneys which they save in the vain hope of being able, with the company's assistance, to purchase their dwelling-house or some other house and call it their own.

Of course, if this is a true description of the objects and practice of the Provincial Homes Investment Co., Judge Parry only did his duty in denouncing the company. Judge Parry went on to direct that the papers should be impounded, and a communication made to the Board of Trade. Here again Judge Parry did his duty if the facts are as he describes them. But then they are not as he describes them. He has been grossly unjust to the company, and under circumstances which leave him little excuse. At the conclusion of his diatribe, counsel for the company informed him that there had already been a Parliamentary inquiry, and that this company was the only one which had been favourably reported upon. Counsel was not quite right here, because, as a fact, the Provident Association of London was bracketted with it in the Select Committee's remarks, but he was perfectly right in saying that the Select Committee had reported favourably upon it. Now we should have thought that this remark would have caused even Judge Parry to hesitate before charging the Provincial Homes Investment Co. with fraud. What he actually did was to express his surprise that any sane person should have held, after inquiry, that the company is an honest one. Let us then look a little more closely into Judge Parry's statements. Among other things he said:

> The only security the certificate-holders seem to possess is an actuarial valuation, made whenever the directors please, by their own nominee, and the production to trustees of cash or securities to cover the amount of such valuation.

Now what does the Select Committee say as to this? They say that in the case of the two oldest companies of class "A," namely, the Provident Association of London and the Provincial Homes Investment Co.:

> The actuarial valuation of the liability of the company to its bondholders is made annually, and care is taken to keep funds at least equal to the amount of such liability invested in the names of trustees ready to meet such liability.

And commenting upon this the Select Committee

> consider that this is a sound system. They have not had any evidence before them as to other companies of this class, but think that in all such companies a smilar system should be adopted.

Who were the members of the Select Committee who inquired into this matter and gave the opinion we have quoted? They were as below:—Mr. J. S. Butcher, K.C., M.P., Mr. Henry Cockburn (President of the Institute of Actuaries), Mr. J. B. Stewart Sim (Chief Registrar Friendly Societies), and Mr. George S. Barnes (the Controller of the Company Department of the Board of Trade). We cannot imagine a stronger committee, one more competent to inquire into the question at issue, or one more unlikely to overlook, we will not say fraudulent conduct on the part of companies, but loose and unsatisfactory practice. And yet in face of this report, the tenor of which it was the duty of Judge Parry to make himself acquainted with before he expressed any opinion upon the practice or position of the Provincial Homes Investment Co., Ltd., he has the temerity to say that it is a fraudulent company, a company whose managers ought to be laid by the heels, a company that ought to be wound up by its honest shareholders, if it has any, and which the Board of Trade should put an end to if shareholders fail in their duty, and the Board has the necessary power.

Judge Parry went on to say that:

> The Board of Trade should do something to inquire how many working class people have already lost their money by investments in this and similar companies, and how much money is still in peril.

It may be gathered from this, that in the opinion of Judge Parry, the Provincial Homes Investment Co., Ltd., and other companies of the kind which assist poor men to buy their houses, are unmixed evils to the community. It is strange that in these days any honest and intelligent man should be of this opinion. What is it that these companies do? They borrow money at a low rate of interest and lend it to their customers at a much higher rate in order that those customers may buy their own houses—buy them under very favourable conditions. If Judge Parry will turn to the official information open to him, as to everybody else, he will find that at the close of 1907 one of those companies alone had advanced to certificate holders, in most cases for the purchase of houses, £4,554,980, the number of houses secured through the company being 19,359. Another company had advanced £798,468, and the Provincial Homes Investment Co., Ltd.—a company which in Judge Parry's opinion is a swindling company, which takes the money of fools and gives them nothing in return—had advanced considerably over a quarter of a million sterling.

What is it the public who become members of these companies expect? They believe that they will be able to borrow from the companies the full amount of the bonds or certificates after they have paid the subscriptions thereon for a small number of years—generally five. Now it is obvious, although Judge Parry was unable to see it, that whilst the house-purchasing companies, through their agents and their literature, do hold out this promise to their members, they do so subject to certain necessary qualifications. They must be the judges as to whether the property which the member wishes to buy offers reasonable security for the loan, and they must also be the judges as to whether the funds in hand at the time of the application permit them to carry out the transaction, assuming it to be a desirable one. Judge Parry, we suppose, would say that these conditions are unfair, and the woman who sued, and moved him to wrath, was annoyed because the company did not see its way to do that which it never undertook to do. In her evidence she said that "when she paid her first half-crown she had never read the papers and prospectus of the company" and "when she did read the documents sent to her she did not understand them." Whose fault was that? All that a company can be asked to do is to state its terms in plain, clear, language, and to abide by them. If a member becomes a member without taking the trouble to master the conditions of membership, then the responsibility for what may be disappointed hopes is not that of the company, but of the member concerned, who refused to take the trouble to acquaint himself with the conditions of membership.

There is no paper in the country that is more severe in its strictures upon dishonest companies than John Bull, but on the other hand we hope there is none which is more outspoken in its condemnation of rash and jaundiced criticism than ourselves, and when we read these harsh and sweeping strictures upon a respectable company, we are tempted to regret that the law of libel does not apply to a county court judge when delivering judgment. We have received scores of letters from members of the Provincial Homes Investment Co., Ltd., directing our attention to this judgment and asking whether in face of it they should continue their membership. We do not doubt that the judgment has inflicted most serious injury upon the Provincial Homes Investment Co., Ltd., injury upon a respectable and solvent company, doing excellent work, assisting poor men to become owners of their houses, thereby doing a work that should be encouraged by all lovers of their country. We can only hope that what we say here, and what we said last week, may in some measure undo the wrong that has been done, and it may be hoped, though here we are less confident, that upon reflection Judge Parry will see that he has greatly erred in this matter.

MARINE INSURANCE BUSINESS.

In most cases underwriting marine business in 1907 gave very poor results. Taking all the companies doing this kind of business there was a net loss on the trading accounts

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for the year. The figures of the principal companies are :—

	Premiums.	Losses and Expenses.	Surplus or Deficit.
	£	£	£
Alliance	166,027	145,600	20,427
British and Foreign	343,137	323,353	19,784
Commercial Union	247,471	189,597	57,874
Indemnity Mutual Marine	287,817	308,202	—20,385
London and Provincial ..	216,924	255,655	—38,731
London	303,220	294,129	9,091
Maritime	263,286	240,947	22,339
Merchants	204,900	189,351	15,549
Royal Exchange	156,534	224,924	—68,390
Sea	329,447	318,895	10,552
Thames and Mersey	433,343	510,453	—77,110
Union	438,641	502,176	—63,535
World	189,698	194,955	—5,257

There is no organised tariff system of rating in marine underwriting. Notwithstanding the unfavourable results of recent years, rates show a tendency to decline, and several large fire insurance companies are undertaking this class of business. For instance, the Alliance has absorbed the Alliance Marine, and both the London and Lancashire, and North British, have acquired marine companies. Other fire insurance companies are likely to enter the same field.

TRACY MILLER AND CO.

In recent issues we have frequently referred to these people. A correspondent now sends us four post-dated cheques which he has received from them in payment of an account of £45 3s. long overdue. These cheques are signed "R. W. Miller & Co," the letter in which they are enclosed purporting to come from Tracy Miller & Co., "Accountants and Auditors," of 40 and 41, Sackville Street, W. Our correspondent is told by Messrs. Tracy Miller & Co., who do not dispute the debt, that unless he accepts these post-dated cheques he will get nothing. Our correspondent's transaction related to the purchase of Morris and Fleet's dairy shares, for which he paid, but cannot get certificates. It is a similar case to one we dealt with last week.

U.S. STEEL.

Says the *Financial World* of New York :—"Every time when Steel is boomed, an old prophecy, ascribed to Andrew Carnegie, is again brought to light: that Steel common will some day cross Steel preferred. Carnegie has probably never said this, but for market purposes it does good work. Many get nervous when the stock becomes lively for fear that they may miss the occasion to cross the preferred with common stock in their hands, but so far they all have lost heavily. What booms steel common now is the efforts of the pool to distribute at a good profit the enormous quantities of the stock bought between 22 and 25."

THE PEOPLE'S ACCIDENT LEGAL AID SOCIETY.

With reference to the paragraph that appeared in our issue of July 25th, page 86, under the heading of "A Pennyworth of Law," we have received a visit from a gentleman connected with the society, who has satisfied us that it is conducted honestly, and to the advantage of its members. We have seen a letter from one woman thanking the secretary of the Society for legal assistance rendered, in which she writes, "We should not have been able to claim with such success the compensation you have secured for our son, without your help."

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

One and All Sickness and Accident.—W. H. (Glasgow).—We will make inquiries into the matter, and let you know the result later on. J. H. (Penrose).—We are inclined to think so.

Purchase of House.—F. C. L. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—You may deal with the Century Insurance Company in the assurance that it will treat you fairly. It is a prosperous and rapidly growing company.

Continental Copper Mining and Smelting Company.—H. G. (Guildford).—We have your letter, from which we note that you have bought a number of shares in this company, and are satisfied with your investment. You want to know why we advise our readers not to follow your example. We always advise them to avoid American companies with American boards operating from America, and consequently under no sort of control by British shareholders.

Safe Deposit.—S. A. R. (Derby).—Of the two you name we should prefer the London Mercantile Bank. R. L. R. (Abercairn).—We never recommend depositing with people who offer 10 per cent. interest. G. T. C. (Newport).—We much prefer Farrow's Bank. Mrs. R. (Worcester Park).—Have nothing to do with the concern you name.

British Homes Insurance Corporation.—Enquirer (Ramsgate).—See what we said on the subject in our last issue.

Union Pacific Railway Company.—L. L. (Brooklands).—Better have nothing to do with American Rails. You never know where you are with them.

P.O. Deposit.—F. S. B. (Oxon.).—Better keep your money where it is.

Status of House Purchase Company.—F. W. (Harlesden).—The company is respectably managed, but financially weak. S. P. (Shepherd's Bush).—Ditto.

British Mutual Assurance Association.—G. W. (Mildmay Park).—We should prefer another selection.

Nutriola Company.—W. C. P. (Birmingham).—This is a notorious American quack concern now trading here in consequence of being debarred the use of mails by the United States authorities, under "a fraud order."

New York Life Assurance Company.—J. W. (Hackney Downs).—Under the circumstances, we should be disposed to change.

Abbey Road and St. John's Wood Building Society.—W. J. I. (Southall).—Yes, it is a respectable and solvent society.

Measures Bros.—Goldfinch (Salisbury).—We cannot advise increasing your holding. There is dissension among the directors, and much else of a disturbing character.

City and County House Purchase Company, Limited.—Adverting to our reference to this company in a recent issue, the secretary has been good enough to send us a copy of the balance-sheet and report of the fifth annual general meeting of shareholders, which show that the position of the company is satisfactory. In a time of dull trade, and without life assurance associated with its system, the company has been able not only to hold its own, but to make substantial progress.

Dunderland Ore Company.—J. H. (Sunderland).—The purchase of preference shares would be a very speculative one. The company was started under very influential auspices and with what seemed to be ample capital, but it has had to reckon with unexpected difficulties, which it has met in a manful and proper way, but it is very far from being out of the wood. Whether it will ever become a financial success is more than we can say, but it has our best wishes. It is asking for more capital.

George Newnes, Limited.—G. N. (Southsea).—The company has not been doing quite so well lately, but the preference shares should represent a safe investment.

Halfpenny Exchange Association of England.—W. V. D. (Penge).—We have no belief in these sort of things.

Equity Permanent Building Society.—W. C. H. (Croydon).—The answer is in the negative.

Legal and General Insurance Office.—J. O. (Llanrhaiadr).—The head office of the society is at 10, Fleet Street, E.C.

Safe Investment.—W. P. D. (Bridgwater).—What is the use of asking our advice when you have actually made the investment? The company you name is honestly managed, but it is not one we should have advised you to deal with.

Farrow's Bank.—H. G. (Trent).—We think it quite safe.

Penn-Wyoming Copper Shares.—W. R. (Teignmouth).—We quite agree. Read the "Financial World" of New York of July 18th.

Tasmanian Consols, Limited.—Constant Reader (Dublin).—We are obliged to you. We know of no particular reason for it. F. F. (London).—Even our City Editor does not profess to be infallible.

Two Mining Shares.—A. (Whitley Bay).—We do not quite understand what it is you want to know. Your experience has been so unfortunate that we cannot advise you to risk more money in these speculations.

French State Lottery.—Constant Reader (Barnsley).—We do not recommend lotteries.

Strand Hotel.—A. H. G. (Muswell Hill).—They, of course, represent a speculative purchase.

Deposits.—Leviticus (London).—You are wrong in saying that Farrow's Bank offers the same rate of interest as the Charing Cross for deposits.

Interest upon Deposits.—Furbank (Leeds).—There is not much to choose between them.

Cunliffe, Russell and Company.—Arlin (Brighton).—The business of this firm is respectably conducted. They were practically the pioneers of dealings in Premium Bonds.

Provincial Homes Investment Company.—I. A. J. (Portsmouth).—We refer you to what we say on this subject above. S. M. (Norbury).—See what we said as to Judge Parry's judgment in this case in our last issue. At the same time we are entirely with you in looking askance at long-term certificates.

Albion Assurance Association.—R. G. G. (Gloucester).—See what we said about this concern in our last issue.

Cargo Fleets.—F. C. (Barnsbury).—If you hold shares we should not sell just now. On the other hand, we should not increase the holding.

Outside Brokers.—W. E. (Jersey).—Have nothing to do with either of the firms whose names you send us. Ped (Cardiff).—We are afraid your money is gone, but it will be a warning to you not to risk any more of it with similar people.

Perpetual Building Society.—A. P. (Hertford).—You will get all the particulars you want on application to the secretary.

Speculative Dealings.—Small Investor (Wimbledon).—We do not recommend dealings upon options, margins, or any other patent system of money-making.

American Rails.—Max (York).—The shares are right enough, but have nothing to do with the people you name.

Blake and Wheeler.—S. E. (Leicester).—We know nothing to their discredit.

Charing Cross Bank.—H. G. H. (Bloomsbury).—We never recommend depositing with persons who pay 10 per cent. interest.

Petrolite (1908), Limited.—C. T. (Birmingham).—No, we have not altered our opinion.

Purchase of Shares.—H. C. C. (Ilfracombe).—The answer is in the negative.

Loan on Farm.—Farmer (Dublin).—We are afraid we cannot help you.

Bank Deposits.—C. A. J. (Cardiff).—If the amount is a small one, we do not think you have any cause for anxiety.

Purchase of Stock.—Investor (Birmingham).—We do not recommend the purchase of the bonds, and, of the other securities you mention, the debentures are the safest.

British United Assurance Company.—C. B. (Birmingham).—It is not a selection we should have made.

United Cold Storage Company.—Simplex (Smithfield).—We do not.

The Islands Insurance Company, Limited.—J. L. (Manchester).—We have read through the letters you send us from Mr. Burrows, the general manager, and return them to you under cover. We do not know that there is much to be said about them, except that we never recommend agents to deal with a company that requires a deposit made. The company is one of many started by Burrows during the last few years. It should be avoided. Risk (Manchester).—We are obliged to you for your letter, which is having attention.

London Deep Leads and British Metals Extraction.—M. S. (Haverhill).—We have no recent information.

Investment of £700.—Investor (Stoke-on-Trent).—We think your list a good one, but you must bear in mind, with regard to bank shares, the heavy liability upon uncalled capital.

Excelsior Sickness and Accident Assurance Company.—W. S. (Highgate).—See what we say about the society in last week's issue.

Hamburg Lottery.—C. F. W. G. (Bromley).—Have nothing to do with it.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

SIBLEY v. WALTER.

In this action, heard before Mr. Justice Parker, Counsel made the following statement:—

> This is a consideration of a partnership action. The business of the partnership is to publish certain papers. It will not be necessary for me or any of my learned friends to mention in court the names of the papers which this partnership publish, and if any person in court conjectures the names and mentions them in public, through the press, or otherwise, he will do so at his own risk.

It was a case in which certain shareholders of the *Times* were concerned, and we should be interested to know by what authority Counsel talked about risk incurred by divulging names. As a matter of fact names were divulged. The name of Mr. Sibley, a shareholder in the *Times*, and of Mr. Walter, the Chairman of the *Times*, and of Mr. Moberly Bell, the Managing Director of the *Times*, and of Mr. Soames, the Solicitor to the *Times*. There is nothing discreditable in any way to the *Times* in the statements made in the case, and as the judge did not think it necessary to enjoin secrecy, this very unusual announcement of Counsel must be described as a little impertinent.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

Apropos the present system of imprisonment for debt, a correspondent sends us a statement from a County Court Ju ge; and asks what we have to say to it.

> "The Debtors Act is thought by many to be veritably an act of imprisonment for debt. I do not think it is, and I think there is a very wide difference between imprisoning a man merely because he has got into debt, and imprisoning him (for a maximum period of six weeks) because having got into debt *and having the means to pay* (on the perfectly practicable and even easy terms always allowed by the County Court judges who administer the Act) he *recklessly and obstinately neglects to pay*. . . . I think he ought to be forced to pay—even by imprisonment if necessary—debts due to small tradesmen (very often struggling widows) much poorer than himself, for the things he has "necessarily" bought . . . which he has, so to speak, legitimately bought and has the means to pay for.

It may well be that if a man can pay and won't pay he should be imprisoned. We have never opposed that view of the matter. What we have said, and say, is, that in a very large number of cases debtors are sent to gaol who ought not to be sent, and who are only sent by ignoring the intention of Parliament in passing the Act of 1869. The practice of County Court judges varies very widely, but in not a few Courts there is little or no attempt to ascertain the merits of the case. If it is proved that the defendant owes the money, no trouble is taken by the judge to satisfy himself that the debtor is in a position to pay anything, however small, and the Committal Order is made almost as a matter of course.

Take a case to which our attention has been directed, and which is reported in the *York Herald* of 20th June. An old man, between 60 and 70, was brought up in custody on a charge of not paying 18s. arrears for the maintenance of his daughter in an industrial school. His defence was that he was without the money, and that it was as much as he could do to support his wife and other children. Asked whether he had any goods to distrain upon, he said he had 2s. 6d. worth. That was all. Asked what he worked at, he said he was a farm labourer when he could get work. "I will do," said he, "what I can, but they won't have an old man if they can get young 'uns." Asked whether he could make some arrangement, the defendant answered, "I would pay if I had it. I have never made a full week's work for months and months." Now there is nothing improbable in that story. An old man, the defendant cannot get steady work. What work he does get is barely enough to keep him and the two young boys he has at home. Is it reasonable or right that the parish authorities should press a man in this position for arrears for the maintenance of his daughter in an industrial school? Surely in these days, when Parliament is passing a Bill which is to give a pension to everybody, whether deserving or not, of a certain age, it is strange that a public authority should prosecute and send to gaol a poor peasant because he cannot pay the charge made for keeping his daughter in an industrial school.

SOME LEGAL QUERIES.

Nationality.—Doudney (Peckham).—By the law any person born within the British dominions, no matter what the nationality of the parents may be, is an Englishman or woman. Unless the common law of England has been altered in Australia, the same would apply there.

Separation Order.—Cicely (Woodford).—As the lady left the man, she cannot claim either a judicial separation or a divorce. If he deserted her, or was guilty of legal cruelty to her and in addition misconducted himself with some other woman, she could get a divorce.

Backward Children.—J. S. G. (Kingsland).—There are special schools for backward children, and the best course is for the father to write to the Director of Education at the Education Offices of the L.C.C., Victoria Embankment, W.C., and ask that some investigation be made into the child's case.

Overhanging Tree.—Cherry Trees (Streatham Hill).—Yes, a person is entitled to cut away any part of a tree that hangs over his land.

SOUND FINANCIAL METHODS.

THE TRIUMPH OVER PREJUDICES. VICTORY OF REFORM.

There are few studies that afford greater pleasure or give greater satisfaction to the studiously inclined nature than a careful examination of the rise and fall of ancient nations, or the gradual decay of old traditions and the absorption or extinction of old institutions. The student, if he so desires, can trace how from these past great traditions a new code of ideas has gradually evolved, while from the structures of old historic houses new enterprises more fitted to deal with the altered conditions of time have been brought into being.

THE BATTLE WITH PREJUDICE.

All great reforms that have tended to shake settled beliefs or to upset established methods have had to contend with both prejudice and violent opposition. It has been so in religion, in politics, in banking, in finance, and so it has been in the establishment of the London and Paris Exchange, Limited, an institution founded to give greater and more extended facilities for financial transactions and dealing in and obtaining advances on Stock Exchange securities. The directors wish to congratulate their supporters that, notwithstanding all this opposition, they have succeeded in establishing their enterprise, and they are convinced, from the progressive advancement of their business, that they occupy to-day a high position in public favour. The sound and liberal principles on which the business is conducted justify the belief that future years will witness a continuance of steady and healthy expansion, and bring increased prosperity.

MODERN INVESTMENT.

To-day investment is on very different lines from what it was twenty, or even ten, years ago. The sphere of investment has been considerably broadened, and methods have become greatly diversified.

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What the investor must do is to make it his business to obtain all necessary information from trustworthy sources. See that your money gives you a fair return, and that it is not locked up in unmarketable securities, where there is practically no chance of appreciation in capital value, and when you wish to realise there is no market to sell on. But, naturally, the investor asks, "How am I to obtain this knowledge? How am I to avoid being drawn into schemes which will mean loss of money to me? How am I to clearly understand the intricacies of money matters and Stock Exchange investments?"

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A few of MANY HUNDREDS of UNSOLICITED Testimonials, taken at random.

KINDLY READ WHAT OUR MEMBERS TELL US.

2, Pantddu Road, Aberbeeg, Mon., *May 12th*, 1908.

DEAR SIR,—After having a few weeks' illness and only being in the One and All Assurance Co. five months, I received £2 6s. 8d. with thanks. I will do my utmost to enrol you a few more members. I shall certainly tell all my friends, as I am perfectly satisfied that the Company is genuine.—Yours truly,
JAMES A. MADDOCK.

1, Crown Hill, Llantwit Fardre, *April 23rd*, 1908.

DEAR SIR,—Please accept my best thanks for the way you settled my claim for two weeks and three days. Amount paid me was £2 10s., thanking you for same. I will endeavour to get a few new members if possible, as I have been telling the people about here what a good Society the One and All is.—Yours truly, THOMAS LEWIS.

13, Bridnell Road, Weston Mill Estate,
St. Budeaux, Devon,
April 24th, 1908.

DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged to you for sending sick pay so prompt. Though only being a member four months, you paid out very prompt. I hope to be the means of getting many more members to join the One and All. You can make what use of this letter you think fit.—Yours very truly,
T. A. MITCHELL.

78, Waverley Street, Hull, *May 6th*, 1908.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge with thanks your letter of the 4th inst., with cheque for £1 for second week's sick pay, and for which I return your receipt duly signed. Having only been a member of the Association three months when taken ill, I am sure great credit is due to the management for the promptitude in which they have dealt with me in this matter. I shall be only too pleased to recommend the Association to all friends and acquaintances, as I have found it a "Working Man's Genuine Friend." You may make what use you like of this letter, as I hope it may be the means of inducing anyone of a sceptical mind to join at once.—Yours faithfully,
V. SLIMMER.

1, Ainger Mews, Ainger Road,
To W. A. TRATHEN, ESQ., Primrose Hill, N.W.

SIR,—Only being in the One and All Club three months, I unfortunately met with accident, and am very pleased to thank you for the £5 received for sick pay. Have recommended your Club to a lot of friends as a most genuine one.—Yours faithfully,
C. DAUGHTRY.

82A, Riverdale Road, Plumstead, *April 13th*, 1908.

DEAR SIR,—I must thank you very much for the prompt and business-like way in which you have settled my claim. I have received the cheque for £1 on the following day it was due each week, which speaks for itself. I will do my best to get you all the members I can to join the Association. Will you kindly send me some more forms, and oblige.—Yours truly,
J. A. BROWN.

20, Waddington Road, Stratford New Town.

DEAR SIR,—I received cheque and was very pleased with the manner in which you paid, only being a member about five months. I wish your Club every success, and will recommend my friends to join it.—Yours faithfully,
J. F. TAYLOR.

113, Kelly Road, Canning Town, *May 12th*, 1908.

DEAR SIR,—Having received £3 for sick pay, I have much pleasure in stating that I find the One and All Society one of the best Societies I have heard of. I will also do my best to enrol members to join the Society, as I consider everyone should join. Thanking you at the same time for sick pay.—I remain, your truly,
K. EASON.

37, Lincoln Street, Leytonstone, *May 1st*, 1908.

GENTLEMEN,—Having only been a member of your Association for the period of three months, I had the misfortune to meet with an accident to my foot. I wrote to the One and All and received my first pound within four days. I received three pounds in all. I am satisfied, and shall do my utmost to recommend the Association to all my friends and workmates.—Thanking you, gentlemen, WILLIAM SHORTRIDGE.

——LOOK OUT FOR——

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

A JOURNAL FOR ONE AND ALL.

OUR HOLIDAY GUIDE.

I.—BRIGHTON.

By L. E. F.

Brighton is universally acknowledged to be a charming and most popular resort, but we do not, on that account solely, recommend it to our readers who live in London and who seek a beneficial change. On the contrary, we recommend them to keep away. Here they will not find the solitude of a County Council steamboat; they will look in vain for the leafy verdure of Paddington Green, and the cloistered seclusion of the Bakerloo Tube is entirely absent. However, in spite of these unimportant points of difference, Brighton rejoices in being called London-on-Sea or, among scholars, London-super-Mare.

In the olden days, people went to Brighton in (or on) swift coaches, which travelled at a pace of something like twelve miles an hour; but all that is changed now, and the traveller must possess himself in patience in a train until he gets to his destination. Upon arrival, note time and compare same with statements made in time-tables. It will not be of any use, but may interest you if your holiday is of brief duration only. English is spoken by the principal inhabitants, so the traveller will have no difficulty in making himself understood: a knowledge of Hebrew is undoubtedly of use on Sundays.

Next in importance comes the sea. The sea at Brighton is rather peculiar because there are no ships on it. The lordly liner, the dun-coloured destroyer, the shabby tramp, and the picturesque barque, will be searched for in vain. This hiatus is very well compensated for by the presence of many "pleasure" sailing boats, which ply for hire at rates varying from sixpence to one shilling, according to the age of the voyager. "Nothing like a sail," says the boatman, and, if one may judge from the appearance of his clients on landing, his statement is strictly accurate. Let the reader judge for himself.

It is quite *en règle* (as they say at Shepherd's Bush) to lounge on the pier, to which admission is granted upon payment of the modest sum of twopence. Here may be seen the finest collection of slot machines in the universe; the entranced lounger may discover "Why Marie put the light out"; he may fortify his system with a penny-worth of electric fluid; or—if athletically inclined—he may delight circumjacent damsels by sundry exhibitions of his muscular prowess.

A certain number of persons of morbid tendencies may be found fishing from the pier. They seek to beguile their prey with multitudinous kinds of bait which have only one tragic feature in common—they fail to attract the slightest attention from the fish. Luscious sections of brightly-hued lug-worm, decayed shell-fish, portions of sprat, india-rubber eels, all these and more are flung with desperate profusion into the main, and, as has been said, with no result. The traveller should not on this account treat the pier-angler with contumely. Remember that he, like yourself, is an anthropoid; his hobby pleases him and keeps honest tackle-makers from penury. Remember, too, that if he did not fish he would probably collect stamps or play golf, so forgive him this once!

Among places of interest in the neighbourhood of Brighton are (1) London, which you have probably "done" already, and (2) Rottingdean. The latter place is not celebrated for anything whatever, nor is it ever likely to be. It is situated about three miles from Brighton, and attracts many visitors, singularly enough, who repair to Rottingdean in large numbers during the hours of divine service on Sunday mornings, so there must be something of intrinsic interest about the place. Mr. Kipling, the celebrated discoverer of the British Empire, lives close at hand. Knock and ring.

The ruins of a peculiar submarine railway, which lie along the shore at the base of the cliff, never fail to excite the sympathetic interest of visitors.

The visitor should not omit a visit to the Devil's Dyke, where he will be favoured with some most charming scenery; the landscape not only smiles but, at some time or other, has laughed outright and cracked itself. The traveller may also submit himself to the pleasures of the (afternoon) table and do justice to the merits of shrimp, watercress and tea.

Another part of Brighton is Hove, which ought to be happy because it has no history; in any case, it is indistinguishable from Brighton save to the eye of the expert.

THE HURLY BURLY.

By Theodore Dahle.

THE HORSE, THE SPORTSMAN, AND THE GAMBLER.

During a case in which a man was convicted at the Liverpool Assizes a few days ago for keeping a betting-house, Mr. Justice Bucknill took occasion to make a few remarks on the horse in its relation to the shilling backer. His lordship is not among the Puritans; in proof of which it is sufficient to mention that at the Bar he is known, called, styled, and distinguished by the affectionate name of "Tommy." His love for the horse is almost equal to his love for his fellow man. For all I know he may occasionally "have a bit on" in common with the rest of the population.

It follows that his lordship's views on the shilling backer, being those of a judge, a sportsman, and a man of the world, are worth attention. If a man goes on to a racecourse to enjoy himself, says his lordship, and sees a horse and knows something about it, there is the real sporting instinct in his action. On the other hand, if he is a working man, and runs out to a betting place in the middle of the day to back a horse he has never seen and only heard of through the papers, there is no sporting instinct in his action at all. "There is not a single element of sport in it," says his lordship. "It is gambling, and is making the racecourse the subject of a gamble." That is to say, the great community of working-class people who put their shillings or half-crowns on animals running in a horse race without going upon the racecourse, without knowing anything of the horse they back at first hand, or even having seen it run, are not sportsmen, but ordinary vulgar, commonplace gamblers all. Is there any answer to that indictment before the judgment seat of Mr. Justice Bucknill?

It is easy for his lordship to make this distinction between sportsmen and people who would probably call themselves sportsmen, the more so in that it seems so obvious. But let us look at the argument on the indictment a little more closely. It is impossible that the great mass of the people can regularly attend race meetings; only the leisured classes can do that. But in these days the newspapers are our eyes and ears. They devote such a large amount of space to horses, their records and their running, and horses and their chances in this or that race are so frequently the theme of conversation in the mill, the factory, the workshop, the hostelry, and the street, that thousands of people who never get nearer a racecourse than I do myself catch the spirit of the contest, and not only visualise its atmosphere, but actually live in it. Thus it is that a race like the Derby or the St. Leger becomes, in a sense, as visible to them as if it were being run in their own back yards.

In the strict definition of the word a sportsman is one who personally participates in a sport; but in the minds of most of us a sportsman is one who takes a keen interest in sport. Whether or not, for instance, he personally knows anything of the horses in a horse race, or the dogs in a dog race, or the runners in a foot race, or the cyclists in a cyclist's race, and whether or not he is himself able to see the actual contest decided, does not affect his claim to the title of sportsman in this commonly-accepted sense. If, without being able to see any particular cricket match, my enthusiasm for my county's or my country's team is such that I am willing to wager on the result, I suppose I should for that occasion have caught the spirit of the true sportsman. It is the spirit in which a man catches the enthusiasm for sport that makes the sportsman as the word is commonly understood and as Mr. Justice Bucknill uses it.

I recognise that if a man's only interest in sport is what he can get out of it, the blood of sportsmanship is not in him. He is on a level with the man who sits down in the hope or longing of breaking the bank at Monte Carlo. It does not affect the case whether his stake is sixpence or six hundred pounds, whether he backs his fancy on the place of the contest or rushes out from his workshop to back it in what Mr. Justice Bucknill calls a "betting shop." That, undoubtedly, is "making a racecourse the subject of a gamble." To the true sportsman betting is only an incident in the game; he indulges in it to make his sporting blood run faster, as it were. To the bogus sportsman, betting is the chief end and aim of sport; he would not take an interest in sport at all if it did not afford him the opportunity of a hopeful gamble.

From the point of view of the gambler, and especially of the impecunious gambler, whether he be working man or man about town, I confess I have not formed a favourable opinion of any sort of racing in which you have to reckon with man and beast. Mr. Justice Bucknill said "it was only judges who knew of the number of cases where honest, hard-working men had acquired the habit of gambling on horse-racing and had lost their money and ruined their families." Removed from the contentions of the Bar to the placidities of the Bench, many of our judges acquire the pathetic articularities of the moralist and the parson. Mr. Justice Bucknill tells a very old and a very commonplace story. But there it is, and most of us have heard or known of such cases.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER? See Page 125.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Spotted Net Blouses.

Spotted net will always be a favourite material with girls who wish to dress daintily yet are not possessed of long purses. It is so delicate and pretty, and is so non-committal in colour, that decorations of any hue will harmonize with it. Then it has the happy knack of not showing the dirt quickly, of looking fresh after even several wearings, and of washing fairly well. Being absolutely transparent, the lining becomes a matter of the greatest importance, and, of course, silk or even satin are the materials above all others for this purpose. Still, a first-class quality sateen is a very good and economical substitute. Tucks are the great stand-by of the impecunious damsel who yet desires her garments to look elaborate. Tucks always tell the tale of much work put into the garment they appear on, and nothing in which much hand-work appears will ever seem cheap and common. The spots on this net are of the greatest help to the inexperienced blouse-maker who essays tucks—another point in its favour. It is suitable both for day or for evening wear, so it is no wonder that spotted net is one of those materials that Fashion never scorns or overlooks.

Hints on Travelling Attire.

Now that the holidays are no longer a dim and distant prospect, travelling dress becomes an urgent consideration. There is perhaps no type of costume in which taste has made greater strides of recent years than in the gowns with which we propose to challenge criticism as travellers. Indeed, an English tailor-made woman is usually an object of admiration to her Continental sisters. American women almost always choose taffetas for their travelling dresses, which has the advantage of lightness over the tweeds and serges usually chosen by English women. Moreover, taffetas is fairly uncrushable, while it is unrivalled for shaking clear of dust. Alpaca also claims all these advantages, but it is rather harsh and stiff. It is, however, more economical, both in the first buying and the wear. If you are going to Switzerland be very careful to have your actual travelling skirt made very short—right up to your ankles, in fact. Nobody will take any notice of abbreviated length, and it is infinitely more comfortable. A very useful garment is a little short coat to slip on in the evening, as the weather often turns chilly after a very warm day. In the heat of the day openwork stockings are tempting, but they are not really suitable, as the gnats and mosquitoes bite through the interstices, and terrible red blotches arise.

Suffragettes Invade the Stage.

Now that the lovely ladies of the stage are boldly ranging themselves with the women who want votes, the subject will take on a fresh interest to their admirers "in front." The list of those who desire the success of the movement is striking and interesting, including as it does the Misses Violet and Irene Vanbrugh, Nina Boucicault, Gertrude Kingston, Evie Greene, Lillah McCarthy, and Adeline Genée, while Mrs. Brown-Potter declares that when she returns from her American tour she intends to throw herself heart and soul into the agitation. The debatable question is invading stage life largely just now. The Women's Freedom League is doing its best to convert music-hall patrons. They first tackled the Islington Empire. They persuaded the management to show the bioscope pictures of the Suffrage procession, and at the conclusion of this item either Miss Molony or Irene Miller appeared on the stage and set to work to make a Suffrage speech. The orator was supported by four of her co-workers holding banners. Notwithstanding the fact that the League had had the gumption to give this job to pretty girls who wear pretty dresses, the uproar on the first night resembled pandemonium! Neither of the speakers could get a word in edgeways, and the management was not a little alarmed lest a free fight should ensue in both pit and gallery between those who shouted incessantly "no speech" and those who wished to hear. The second night was rather amusing. The Suffragettes had evidently braced themselves up resolutely to "face the music," and when a welcoming round of applause died away, leaving a silent, attentive audience, Miss Miller was so obviously dumbfounded by this unlooked-for contrast to the previous night that for a few moments she was apparently deprived of the power of speech. This cordial reception was continued throughout the week, and the Suffragettes were highly jubilant. A visit behind the scenes was amusing. There was Miss Topsy Sinden giving Miss Molony her opinion as to the best way of appealing to a music-hall audience on the subject, while Irene Miller was listening with due attention while a lady in ballet skirts repeated a speech that Victoria Monks had made in the dressing-room in favour of Votes for Women. By the way, what an exquisite dancer Topsy Sinden is, to be sure. For agility, grace, and skill she entirely beats the much-vaunted Miss Maud Allan. If Miss Sinden only danced in the "demi-semi nude" instead of a frilly pink frock that causes her to resemble a beautiful flower, she too might be taken in to lunch by the Prime Minister.

HENNESSY PLEASE.

Electricity Prolongs Life.

STARTLING DISCOVERY IN PARIS.

The *Daily Mail* prints an interesting despatch from Paris. It states that two doctors of that city, Professor d'Arsonval and Dr. Montier, claim to have discovered a method of prolonging life. Briefly, their theory is that the decay of the arteries, from which all death and disease spring, may be prevented and cured by an electric current.

Professor d'Arsonval has invented a machine of extremely high power, with which he has already experimented on patients—among others, M. Jean d'Orsay, who wrote in enthusiastic terms about it in the *Matin*.

M. d'Orsay describes the treatment as cleansing all the arteries and other organs, and restoring them to their original elasticity and health. "There is no longer," he states, "any essential reason why we should grow old, or even die."

This is a discovery of the utmost importance. It proves the value of electricity to the human body. It proves to every thinking and intelligent man that the day of dosing with stimulants and medicines is over.

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AMONG THE MUMMERS.

Nationalism in Acting.

Among the theatrical sensations of London in the autumn will be Countess Kinsky, who is better known, perhaps, as Mme. Ilka Palmay; among the sensations of the London variety stage at present is Hanako, the great little Jap actress at the Hippodrome. Each of these artists has raised this week the question of Nationalism in stage art; and the testimony of both is in favour of nationalism, each in its own way.

Hanako.

Take the case of Hanako and her work, which everyone should see. Some time ago the same play in which she appears was done in English, with an English or Western actress in the leading part; an actress who thinks instinctively in the fashion of the Occident and speaks the English or American speech. The playlet was merely horrid; horrible would be too distinguished a term for it. It was displeasing, yet one could not take it seriously, although the actress, if young, was probably almost as old as Hanako, and if not our best was not our very worst. Now comes Hanako, and plays the role in a language whose words we cannot understand; with all the disadvantages of a circus ring instead of a theatre stage; and yet the playlet is great. Why is it? Largely, if not entirely, I think, because we see now a Japanese actress showing us the Jap soul as it exists in the Jap woman. No doubt women have many points of resemblance in all countries; and at times one is reminded strongly by Hanako (as she realises for us the Japanese serving maid) of our own Louie Freear. But, though Louie Freear would be a better Otake than most of our actresses, she would no more compare with Hanako in the part than Hanako would with Miss Freear in "Oh, Susannah!" The difference is racial or national more than one of individual temperament or training.

Yvette Guilbert.

And now we have Yvette Guilbert about to do two very hazardous and probably two artistically unprofitable things: to play in English an English character. Yvette could do nothing altogether badly; but most artists are well advised to do for the public only those things they do best. So far as we can say at all certainly that this thing or quality is English and the other foreign, Madame Guilbert is utterly foreign. Some of her early songs would have sent the secretary of the Vigilance Society to a sudden death, and might have badly offended Scotland Yard. True, of late she has sung quite beautifully some old English ballads: but music is naturally more cosmopolitan than thought and speech and gesture—the song than the drama. As an English actress, Guilbert will be interesting; we cannot expect her to be great, any more than we can expect the many gifted Hebrews and Americans and Germans on our stage to be greatly and convincingly English, although they may very brilliantly be something else. We may like to see them, we may like them personally, but we do not delude ourselves that they are "It," whether they pose as the warriors and wits of the Bard or as the Nonconformist snobs of Pinero—who is often curiously un-English; as un-English, in fact, as Sutro. Henry Arthur Jones may be good or bad; he is always English, as Bernard Shaw is always Irish.

Ilka Palmay.

I alluded in my opening sentences to Ilka Palmay. This lady has a big continental reputation in musical plays; and she is very well-known here for her work at the Savoy, in Gilbert-Sullivan opera. She is playing this season on the Continent in foreign versions of English musical pieces; but she has been holidaying over here, fixing to come back on business, and incidentally visiting the theatres. She has seen the Viennese Waltz plays in London, and she does not rhapsodise like a section of our press over the women in them. The pieces in themselves are charming, and their casts are full of clever people, although we are not too well off for singing actresses. But—the English conception of the Viennese heroine is not a passable imitation, she says, of the real thing. It is less like her than Earl's Court is like Hungary. Some of the externals may be there; but the spirit is absent—the spirit that matters more than all else. Ilka Palmay has played Franzi abroad. "There," she says, "is a part which should never be attempted by an Englishwoman. It is full of Viennese feeling; an Englishwoman cannot creep into the skin of the foreign temperament. I cannot, on the other hand, give you an Englishwoman. The thing is impossible."

Here's judgment and modesty for you! Who am I that I should contradict a lady; above all an actress? Besides, I do not want to; almost she convinces me to be a nationalist out and out in matters of stage art. Perhaps Mr. Chas. Manners, with his hybrid operas at the Lyric, and Mr. Arthur Collins, with his "real English" version of "Dick Whittington" (ye gods!) played by Scots, Americans, and other foreign persons at Old Drury, will complete my conversion. P.

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BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED AND CONFOUNDED RUMOURS:—

That America *won* the Marathon Race.
That the Turkish Constitution will be a "sound" one.
That they call him Lord "Clamberdown" now.
That "I.D.B." stands for "It's Dirty Business."
That "Dorando" is Italian for "derring-do."
That Lord Charles Beresford is to go Scott-free.
That the forthcoming paper, the *Monocle*, will be a one-eyed affair.
That "Old Moore" ought to know better.

A clergyman playing golf wisely but not too well ejaculated "Assouan" several times, and at last it dawned on the others that Assouan is the biggest dam in the world.

After telling you to live on plain food and to get home early, the doctor sends his bill in, and you appreciate the worth of his advice.

The policeman said the prisoner was a suspicious character, but he denied it indignantly: "It's him as is suspicious; I ain't suspicious of nobody."

Rev. A. Mursell, of Clapham, and his father married two sisters. The result is that the reverend gentleman's wife is his aunt, he is cousin to his own children, and his wife's father-in-law is uncle to his own grandchildren.

A writer would like to see trees in all business thoroughfares. Oaks and chestnuts in Fleet Street are well known.

A bull charged a train in Dublin. The engine settled.

A writer considers that "children should be treated as a gardener cares for his flowers." Both are frequently helped with a little stick.

A gardening journal pleads for more brains in the garden. We cannot all be head gardeners.

Doctor: "I should recommend a garden bedroom for him."
Tommy: "Then let me sleep on the strawberry bed."

A correspondent says that the motor-bus seems to delight in breaking down. Is it their pet role?

A lady writes to the Irish Women's Freedom League: "Is there any chance this year of my being placed on an equality with my coachman?" There *are* signs that the women are getting the whip hand.

The motor-cyclist whose clothing caught fire on the way to Farnham must have been a scorcher.

Speaking of Democracy, the *Socialist Review* says, "It does not glitter." It has no bright side, then, we presume.

"Buried Alive" a recent book is called. Rather a grave subject, and bound in boards, of course?

A Wicklow farmer has a cow which devours his horses' tails. He makes ends meat.

The amount of "Conscience money" received by the Treasury during the last five years, is £3,717 12s. 3d. Evidently consciences don't pay.

"I was slightly abbreviated," said a man charged with drunkenness at Lambeth Police Court. The long and the short of it.

"Great artists are scarce," says a Munich paper. And yet when we find one he gets hung.

According to the Chief Constable of Reading, a policeman is worn out in twenty-five years. Yet he is always arresting.

"Women often get the better of men," remarks the *Onlooker*. And the worst.

Bracelets for engaged men is the latest fad. Hand-cuffs would be more suitable.

"The tendency of the day is to make far too much of the children," says *Country Life*. Personally, we don't know what to make of them.

A bachelor and spinster near Bedworth have been engaged for more than forty years. Evidently they enjoy looking forward to their wedding.

"Marriages are made in Heaven," we are told, and certainly, some of them are unearthly enough.

A man whose wife shut him out of the house, lived for eight weeks in the toolshed. He got rusty.

"Women in all lands are the custodians of speech," says the New York *World*. They never miss a chance of turning it loose, however.

An *Express* correspondent wants to know "how to get a start in life." Why not try an L.C.C. "stud"?

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor says that Englishwomen have the "most insolently beautiful complexions." Is this another way of saying "bloomin' cheek"?

Our population increases 300,000 every year. Curiously, so does our circulation. Advertisers, please note.

She told him in faltering accents that he must see her no more; so he switched off the light.

"Miners are like soldiers," says Councillor Blakeley. Because they are both used to drilling, we presume.

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JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The Editor *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

OWING to the large demand, we have prepared another batch of picture postcards, and the Publisher will be pleased to forward a supply to readers upon receipt of stamped envelopes for postage.

Mr. C. Arthur Pearson appeals to our readers on behalf of the Fresh Air Fund. Founded in 1892, since that date, with the assistance of the Ragged School Union, he has given 1,845,565 little slum children a holiday in the country. Last year 233,520 children were taken from all the great towns in the United Kingdom for a holiday in the pure air of the country, but this year the programme is even more ambitious. The Fresh Air Fund desires to take 200,000 poor children from our great cities for a day's holiday in the country, and to give in addition 2,000 of the most poverty-stricken children a holiday which will last a fortnight. The cost of this undertaking will be nearly ten thousand pounds. Last year the Queen headed the list of subscribers, and this year the Prince and Princess of Wales gave the Fresh Air Fund's London season a splendid send off by their presence at the first outing in Epping Forest. Ninepence pays for a child's holiday in the country, including plenty of wholesome food, and the whole of the working expenses are borne by Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., the Standard Newspapers, Ltd., the Daily Express, Ltd., and the Ragged School Union. Readers of John Bull who are looking forward to their holidays will enjoy them all the more by remembering these slum children. Subscriptions should be sent to the Hon. Sec. of the Fresh Air Fund, 23, St. Bride's Street, London, E.C.

Mr. Algernon McAnally, of Lincoln's Inn, asks whether he may appeal to those of our readers who are leaving home for their holidays to make some provision for the domestic cat, and not leave it to starve whilst they are enjoying themselves. Our answer is in the affirmative.

G. E. (Southwark).—A Chancery Judge *may* be an authority on lottery law (although we should much doubt it), but he is apt to go astray when dealing with financial questions.

H. J. R. (Edmonton).—Glad to hear from you. We think by this time the biscuit has been administered; while as to the "wrong 'uns," Arnold and Butler, we think their goose is now about cooked. We will keep our eye on the other matter you mention.

J. S. (Crouch End).—*Nous verrons.*

A. S. (Glasgow).—The popular idea is that banks make their profits by advancing money on mortgages, bill discounting, etc., but we have an idea that when we have got the dormant balances and unclaimed securities out of their hands they will tell a very different tale.

G. E. M. suggests that a correspondent who recently received an intimation from his bank respecting an old dormant balance, should put in a claim for compound interest. He does not agree with our recent paragraph *re* the non-inclusion of Keir Hardie in the invitations to the Royal garden party—and there is something in what he says.

F. M. (Birmingham) suggests a biscuit for Mrs. Bull for speaking of ruffles that "rest on the bosom at each side of the chin, and sit out widely on the shoulders and behind." It would be more than our life is worth to award one of our biscuits to the lady.

F. H. G. (East Dulwich), H. J. D. (Plaistow) and others.—Thanks for cutting *re* the West London Police Court case, with which we are dealing both editorially and in Parliament.

W. G. W. (Slough).—Afraid we do not follow your pictorial allusion to the doom of the Licensing Bill.

B. G. H. (Chesterfield).—Thanks for interesting cuttings. There is no doubt we have set the cat amongst the banking pigeons.

F. A. C., who does not give his address, asks whether Arnold and Butler are a "sound firm." He must be a very new reader not to know that they recently pleaded guilty to our charge of being "wrong 'uns."

A. D., Jr. (Glasgow).—The biscuit having already been devoured, it is too late to recall it.

T. J. P. (Charfield) and others complain of the delay in receiving copies of our Editor's Budget speeches. They will come along very shortly, but the printing has been delayed owing to the tremendous run on our machinery in consequence of reprints of John Bull.

"Arturio" (Linares, Spain).—We do not recommend any of these "institutes." If you are not a "scientific salesman" by nature, no amount of postal tuition will make you one.

S. C. (Bristol).—The list of Clerical Shareholders already published in John Bull exceeds a thousand. You have evidently missed some of the numbers.

Robertson's "Fairy Brush" Company, of 142, Great Jackson Street, Manchester, send us a bottle of their liniment, which they guarantee to be "a miraculous pain-killer." As at present we are not in any pain, we are putting the liniment on one side for future use.

E. W. M. B. (Glasgow) calls blush to our manly brow by his lavish compliments. He says his necessaries are a good cigar, a glass of good wine, and a copy of John Bull. Not bad triplets either.

The Home Farm Dairies (Weybridge) recently advertised for a cowman and they send us a reply which they received from a gentleman who wrote "I am vacant." Did he get the job?

S. G. M. (Manchester).—It was quite correct for an Irish advertiser to offer to clean windows at "1d. per window according to size." Surely you do not want to discourage bulls. We must take up the cudgels on behalf of our Hibernian relatives.

C. J. F. and J. A. O. (York) want a biscuit for a newspaper which called Leeds "The Yorkshire Capital." But it was a Leeds paper.

J. T. B. (Richmond).—You must not call the Czar a "brutal, bloated, bloodthirsty brother." It may be alliterative, but it is not strictly parliamentary.

"Live and Let Live" (Folkestone) is good enough to inform us that "there are indeed some thirty forms of disease in addition to conditions to which the body is subject, that cannot be termed disease, in addition also to certain incidents and accidents, which can produce all the usual symptoms of death." Wallah!

I. E. W. (Norwood) wants a biscuit for the *Evening News* for talking of athleticism in connection with balloons. But surely that depends on the balloons.

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6, Panton Street, Haymarket, London, S.W.

T. J. (Peckham) is to be congratulated on having discovered a new way of beginning a letter: "Might I kindly ask?" He kindly asks whether California is suitable for a fresh start in life. We rather think not, but will make some inquiries.

F. C. (Redcar) has gained his living on the sands for years, and now complains that no stalls are going to be allowed there in the future. He sounds a good chap, and we wish we knew how to help him.

C. R. B. (Denmark Hill) wants a biscuit for the *Evening News* for stating that fair balloonists will have to abolish long features. But it is good advice, and need not be restricted to aeronauts.

F. E. K. (Hampstead).—Have nothing to do with the Elvisto Co.'s competition.

W. P. B. (Brentford) has been annoyed by Lord Northcliffe's constant references to "the golden dome" at the Franco-British Exhibition. On taking a tram ride to Hanwell, he made the following reflections: "Lo and behold, the golden dome was before me in all its glory, it seemed to be one mass of golden glistening fire scintillating in the glorious rays of the beautiful sun." Lord Northcliffe evidently has a great deal to answer for.

W. C. (Paddington).—You surely did not expect Lord Northcliffe to give anything for nothing.

"SELF-PRAISE IS NO RECOMMENDATION" (Northampton).—But the poor chap might get no praise at all, if he did not blow his own trumpet.

B. S. G. (Lincoln).—We forget who published the poems, but no doubt your bookseller would tell you.

W. S. (Donegal).—We are not very fond of poetry, but we will have a look at yours one wet day.

T. R. P. (Cricklewood) recently attended a Church Army meeting where he heard a story about a monkey which pulled out the tail feathers of some turkeys. After being chastised, the monkey proceeded to try to replace the feathers in the places from which he had extracted them. What is the moral? And where is the chestnut stuffing?

MR. E. (Glasgow).—Biscuits are only paid for in compliments, or in kind.

C. W. A. (Bermondsey).—Certainly, you can summon the New British Art Co., of 84, High Holborn, for the return of your photograph.

T. C. G. (Burton-on-Trent).—We suppose that if you want to have your letters specially early, you must be prepared to pay for it. But the charge sounds high. The Post Office is certainly in need of overhauling.

E. L. (Camberwell) sends us a very long letter in condemnation of a review of Herbert Spencer's life, but as it inspired him to read and enjoy the philosopher's works, he need not grumble so loudly.

X. (Oxford) asks what we think of a man being fined £10 for killing a woman. But the report which he encloses seems to show that he was fined for driving a motor-car to the public danger. The woman's death was an accident.

"SAMOTH-A" (Belfast) wants a biscuit for a paper which said that "a really well written, clever or interesting novel is not to be expected from any living English author." But is it?

V. S. (Gracechurch Street) complains of the charges of the Metropolitan Water Board. He will really have to take to whisky.

A. B. (Glasgow).—We can scarcely give anyone a biscuit for not knowing where Dunoon is. We dunoon ourselves.

E. C. (Honor Oak Park).—Your best plan would be to offer the company a fidelity bond, which you could take out in any good insurance office.

T. W. M. (Bedford).—You should write your local member for the information you require.

"SERVICE" (London, N.).—We quite agree as to the necessity of the pruning knife being applied to the staff of the Board of Education and other public departments, but we have no further space for the subject just at the moment. Great caution is necessary in purchasing premium bonds, but you would be safe in dealing with either of the firms you mention.

"MERCEDARE" (Huddersfield).—It is rash to jump to conclusions, and we are not sure that you may not be prosecuted for libel. Vivian, indeed!

J. S. T. (Dundee).—We are not authorities on the ecclesiastical affairs of Scotland. If you look at the bottom of our back page you will have no difficulty in finding out where we live.

"ARSENALITE" (Plumstead) wants us to arbitrate about his nationality. We have climbed his family tree and imagine he is a Scotch broth of an Irish boy.

E. M. (Lambeth) writes that General Buller is dead, but that "humble Britishers like himself, who have to work for their daily bread, have not forgotten how shabbily the late Government treated this brave and honest soldier."

W. G. H. (Tamworth) offers to help one of our correspondents if he takes action against Currie, Mills & Co. This sounds (tam) worth while.

E. H. V. (Kilburn) sends us a poem which no editor has consented to publish. If we could understand what it is about, we daresay that we should consider it very beautiful.

G. W. F. (Manchester) wants to know where the late Mr. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland, was buried. Why not look up a file of some daily newspaper?

E. H. (Matlock Bank).—We certainly do not understand how the girls could have been allowed to tramp about for four days "with nothing in the way of clothes, or any wraps, and no hats, the only protection being a shawl each to go over the head." Perhaps they were on their way to Coventry.

A. E. E. (Watford) sends us a parson's advertisement for a *locum tenens*, and suggests that the inducements of a "shady garden and two young servants (not o. w.)" might appeal to Jim Crow. But what is the meaning of o.w.?

J. D. F. (Tufnell Park) sends us a copy of the *Evening News*, in which a horse's name is spelt in four different ways. And then he does not tell us which is the right one.

"EAST ANGLIAN" (Brixton) is now a clerk in the City, and wants to obtain a position on a newspaper, though he has no experience. Why not run about in his spare time and see if he can find anything to report?

G. M. (Norbury).—It must have been difficult to get drowned in a puddle of water three inches deep; but you saw it in print, and the paper gave reasons.

H. S. (Manchester).—We are grateful for your support, and wish you good luck.

C. P. (Turnmill Street) says he is "anxiously waiting for Jim Crow's next article, bless him." We agree that we have too many advertisements but, bless our souls, what are we to do?

W. P. (West Norwood) sends some useful suggestions for checking publicity with regard to lawsuits which are not of public importance He also draws our attention to an advertisement for vocalists, inserted by "Conductor, care of 54, New Oxford Street," and does not seem to have a very high opinion of the advertiser.

J. K. D. (Plumstead).—We are not editorially responsible for the views expressed in signed articles.

C. A. W. (Preston).—Ha! ha! but we dare not. Try the *Winning Post*. It has gone into our own W.P.B.

H. A. G. (Wembley Hill).—Thanks, but we are quite comfortable where we are.

"A MAN OF KENT" (Birkenhead).—Glad you like our Bill. But the bankers think it a long one. Jim did not mean to insult Uncle. He is much gratified by the number of incorrect surmises as to his identity. We shall really have to publish his real picture before he gets much blinder.

A. B. (Devonport) wants a biscuit for an advertisement of a "crimson ground Brussels carpet, 3 by 2½, splendid timekeeper," but it would be useful to the commander of a regiment.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE MOO CLUB (Colwyn Bay) sends us a card with a cryptic endorsement, and says it is "irregular and an absolute impossibility to initiate any new members." Moo!

"SUPERFLUOUS" (Streatham).—As we were not there, we cannot offer an opinion.

E. V. G. (Antwerp).—If we gave *Punch* a biscuit for that, we should probably be told that a joke was intended.

THE ESPERANTO TOBACCO SYNDICATE (Glasgow).—You seem very busy trying to advertise yourselves with that nonsense up there.

F. O. H. (Lewis) wants to know what qualifications are necessary to become private secretary to a politician or M.P. We refer him to the catalogue of the Deadly Sins.

H. B. (Ramsgate).—Why should we "pardon flippancy"?

L. B. (Godalming).—You have evidently studied banking questions very closely.

"FEMINA" (Pimlico) says Jim Crow ought to have had a slap at the husband's family. But he is a husband himself, and was probably afraid of being cut off with a shilling.

C. R. (Tadcaster), P. I. (Whitechapel), L. C. S. (Hull), R. C. J. (Fulham), T. W. N. (Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony), "A SUBSCRIBER" (Helmsley), D. G. (General Post Office), A. B. C. (Birmingham), F. T. L. (Soho), T. G. (Gateshead-on-Tyne), J. T. H. (Birmingham), A. A. H. (St. Albans), E. G. L. (Kentish Town), MISS B. S. (Dundee), W. E. R. (Manchester), "A SCHOOLMASTER" (Grays), "NANCY" (Bayswater), A. M. (Clapton), A. Z. (Springfontein), T. V. (York), H. K. (Lichfield), A. A. (Sidcup), F. P. (Manchester), F. C. J. (South Hackney), S. K. (Cardiff), "BEN JONSON" (Bow), R. A. G. (St. Peter's Park), A. A. W. (Portsmouth), J. M. G. (King's Lynn), H. B. (London, S.E.), W. T. (Market Harboro'), H. A. W. (Brooklands), and C. B. (Great Baddow).—We love you all, even when you send us London Premium and Tea Co. circulars.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

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" 12 " " " 4 "
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LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lorrigg.

All Gold not All Black.

Mr. Abe Bailey recently won first prize for stallions, imported stallions, imported mares, and home bred thoroughbred colts, at the Elizabeth (South Africa) Annual Show.

May They Not End in Smoke.

The apt title of Felucca has been given to a yearling from Cigarette, while Mr. J. D. Cohn proposes calling one of his youngsters "Bouton Rouge."

It might Need a Perfect G.P.O.

It is really a wonder that better arrangements are not made at big race meetings for the more immediate acceptance of telegrams when they come in a perfect flood during the few minutes prior to each race, especially the chief event.

No Combine Now.

I hear that business with the Continental agents this season, so far, has been distinctly bad. Formerly the three leading firms had a working arrangement as regards prices, but this is now done away with, and in consequence each firm is "laying" their own, which means competition, and an advantage to punters.

The South American Steward.

Don Ignacio Correas, Diamond Jubilee's owner, has just been nominated the President of the Stewards for one year at Buenos Ayres, which is termed Presidente de la Comision de Carreras. He has in consequence postponed his intended visit here, to attend to his new important duties.

Needs an Appointment.

W. Woodland, who did so splendidly for Mr. G. W. Walmsley with Wild Aster, Extravagance, and Longcroft, is, in consequence of that owner's sudden retirement from the Turf, desirous of obtaining a position as private trainer either here or abroad. Anyone bearing his name needs no recommendation as far as racing or training is concerned, and if a reasonable position were offered to Woodland—say in South Africa—he would soon show what English methods adapted to the colonial requirements could do.

A "Ripping" Book.

The recent "Blue Riband of the Turf" was truly associated with every characteristic of romance, so that it is strangely fortunate that there should simultaneously be published "The Romance of the Derby," by Edward Moorhouse. This is a work as interesting as it is complete and so perfect in its production that it must become a standard issue regarding the blue riband of the Turf. In it are woven all the facts and figures which every sportsman requires if he would be familiar with the leading incidents associated with the long series of contests for the greatest prize that can be won by votaries of the Turf. The two volumes, liberally illustrated, contain an appendix with a complete list of competitors in the Derby for well over a century; from its pages one can trace with unabated interest how English bloodstock, its owners, and racing generally has gradually changed throughout generations. Altogether "The Romance of the Derby" is so exceptional in its merits that no English sportsman's library could be complete without it.

Prophetic.

A mixed busy week does not suggest much interest speculatively. At Brighton horses for courses may be recalled when The Loaf and Understudy contest their races.

"JOHN BULL" AND THE CHIEF CONSTABLE OF SWANSEA.

In our issue of July 25th we published an "Open Letter" to the Chief Constable of Swansea, chaffing him in reference to some recent proceedings against a small boy in that town. We understand that the newspaper reports upon which we based the letter were incorrect, and that, as a matter of fact, the Chief Constable had nothing whatever to do with the prosecution of the boy in question. We are making full enquiries into the matter, to which we will refer again next week, and in the meantime we hasten to express regret if we have been inadvertently misled into causing Captain Colquhoun any annoyance.

A GUINEA

Would be a high price to pay for a publication nowadays, but it may safely be said that the NEW "SOMETHING TO READ" will contain an abundance of matter of the highest quality, that even a guinea could not have purchased years ago. Its price—One Penny—will place it within the reach of everybody, so that the cottages of the poor, equally with the

MARBLE

halls of the rich, will be open to it. Every week it will contain a great variety of stories by some of the foremost writers of the day, each with its own special interest that will appeal to a particular class, yet all of a kind that everyone will delight in reading. With the orderly and regular progression of the hands round the dial of the

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the NEW "SOMETHING TO READ" will make its appearance every Tuesday throughout the United Kingdom, improving week by week in the interesting nature and varied character of its contents. Both its Proprietors and its Editor have, in the important and responsible work of its production, the invaluable advantage of a ripe experience in catering

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